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THE SESSION UP TO WHITSUNTIDE.

BOTH Houses of Parliament have been actively engaged since the middle of February in preparing for themselves employment which, if it were not for the most part destined to postponement, would occupy them long after the middle of August. It is not in consequence of indolence on the part either of the Government or of Parliament, that no important Bill has yet passed into a law. The House of Commons has never been so fully or constantly attended as during the discussion of the clauses of the Irish Church Bill in Committee. Both parties mustered night after night all their available force, to prove to the constituencies and to the Minister the perfect discipline of the majority, and, on the other side, for the purpose of recording an earnest and unavailing protest. Private members were accordingly compelled to abandon their favourite schemes of legislation; nor had the Government leisure to deal either with original measures or with Bills prepared by the House of Lords. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL found it expedient to postpone to a future stage the discussion on the principles of the Bankruptcy Bill; and Mr. FORSTER'S Endowed Schools Bill has not yet emerged from the Select Committee, though it is understood that the Report will retain the principal elements of the original scheme. The Scotch Education Bill, which has been carried, though not without considerable alterations, through its most important stages in the House of Lords by the Duke of ARGYLL, will be still more readily adopted by the House of Commons, as it is understood that the majority of the Scotch members are favourable to the scheme. The House of Lords has also been occupied in passing the Habitual Criminals Bill, which would probably have been unavoidably thrust aside if it had been introduced by the HOME SECRETARY in pursuance of his first intention. Lord SALISBURY'S Joint Committee which was to contrive a plan for rendering the legislation of the Upper House more effective is said to have ultimately confined itself to a questionable project of a change in the conduct of private business. If the plan is adopted, Private Bills will be submitted to Joint Committees formed of the members of both Houses, so that a second trial of the same issue will be in all cases avoided. The limited use which is at present made of the power of appeal to a second tribunal seems to show that there is little need of a change. As a general rule, Bills are opposed in the second House only when some grave interest is at stake; and the questions of expediency involved are sometimes so important that petitioners may fairly claim another hearing for their objections.

Mr. GOSCHEN'S Bills for a new metropolitan assessment, and for reviving by a circuitous process the convenient system of compounding for rates, will meet with little opposition, and all parties seem inclined to support Mr. KNATCHBULL-HUGGESS'S plan for establishing Financial Boards in counties. The House of Lords, and probably the county members, have little desire to see a transfer of power from the landowners, who ultimately bear the burden, to the actual ratepayers. No public funds are at present administered with so vigilant a frugality as county rates, nor will an infusion of elected guardians produce any practical advantage; but modern legislation, under the influence of constituencies in the background, pays peculiar and not unmerited attention to the redress of the grievances which are called sentimental. The magistrates who control the receipt and expenditure of the county funds are not elected by the ratepayers, who naturally demand the establishment, in this case also, of representation as the correlative of taxation. The only alternative of the institution of mixed Financial Boards would be the assumption by the landowners of the direct payment of the county rates. The burden would be

trifling, but perhaps it is desirable to associate the tenant-farmers as much as possible with the gentry, in the hope that the social separation of classes may be partially corrected by political or municipal co-operation. An additional reason for the change consists in the expediency of rendering every institution theoretically defensible. An accidental and anomalous system which happens to work well may easily be tolerated until it is attacked, but the Select Committee which recently investigated the subject ascertained that general dissatisfaction had been produced by the exclusive financial powers of the justices. The members of the Government in the House of Commons, relieved from the immediate supervision of the Irish Church Bill, may well find sufficient energy to pass measures relating to local administration. It will be interesting to learn whether the remarkable unanimity which has prevailed since the beginning of the Session will extend to miscellaneous questions. Every Liberal member is pledged to support Mr. GLADSTONE, and to vote for the destruction of the Irish Establishment, and in some instances the electors may have intended to allow their members a certain liberty of action when their primary duty is discharged. Every prudent member will, even on secondary matters, abstain from offering any troublesome opposition to the Government; but a certain licence of private judgment may perhaps be allowed with respect to endowed schools, to cattle markets, to assessments, and even to county boards. A general who is confident in the devotion of his army can sometimes afford a partial relaxation of discipline when no enemy is in sight. In the next Session, when further Irish measures are introduced, stragglers will be peremptorily recalled to the ranks.

Some Bills which have passed wholly or partially through either House will be defeated in the attempt to carry them further. The House of Lords will probably reject the SOLICITOR-GENERAL'S Bill for abolishing University tests, nor will it defer to the large majority of the Commons which sanctioned the principle of marriage with the sister of a deceased wife. It is probable, indeed, that the House of Lords will be more than usually jealous in minor matters of an independence which must be apparently compromised by the necessity of yielding on the Irish Church Bill. The reasons for ratifying a decision which is unpalatable to the great majority have overwhelming force. It is at all times necessary to avoid collisions on great political questions with the more powerful body which is supported and urged forward by the mass of the nation. A temporary check to a movement which will only derive additional force from the interposition of an obstacle merely prepares the way for a subsequent retreat. The House of Lords can by no possibility save the Irish Establishment; and by prolonging the contest it would not only impair its own power, but would inflict additional damage on the object of its care. The consummate ingenuity of Mr. GLADSTONE'S complex Bill was displayed in the combination of a sweeping revolution with minute and elaborate provisions for the benefit of the religious body affected and of its actual members. The irritation which Mr. GLADSTONE has sometimes exhibited in return for the resentment which he has provoked, sufficiently intimates the probable modification of his plans if a defeat in the House of Lords should compel him to revise it for the purpose of introducing it again. Neither the Government nor the House of Commons will assent to any grave alteration in the measure which has been sanctioned in detail or in gross by overwhelming majorities. The property of the Church, and its political or corporate rank, are irrevocably doomed, and changes in the measure will practically affect only the surviving incumbents or the clergy and laity of the future Church. If the House of Lords attempts to secure the parsonage-houses to the clergy without payment, Mr. GLADSTONE will

probably insist on selling them at their full value; and he will certainly make no concession with respect to the glebes. It would, in truth, have been a useless act of spoliation to deprive the Irish Church of less than all its property. A practical evil may be partially diminished; but a theoretical grievance remains in full force as long as any fraction of the whole is deliberately preserved. The Irish Church Bill cannot, however much some people may regret it, be made more lenient, except at the cost of the principle by which alone it can be justified. The details, with the exception of the provisions for the Presbyterians and for Maynooth, are for the benefit of the Church. It may be hoped that the House of Lords will have sufficient statesmanlike wisdom to abstain from a useless and mischievous interference with the Maynooth compensation. If the payment were withheld, the money would not be restored to the Protestant Church, nor can it be material to the expropriated body whether a portion of its funds is applied to a Roman Catholic college or to a lunatic asylum.

As the lioness in *Æsop*, discoursing with the mother of a numerous litter, boasted that her solitary whelp was a lion, the Session, notwithstanding the paucity of its products, will not have been barren if the House of Lords wisely acquiesces in the Irish Church Bill. The Committee on Parliamentary and Municipal Elections, which is expected to prepare the way to the adoption of the Ballot, will not report in time for immediate legislation. It is possible that one remarkable change in the Constitution may be adopted if the Government undertakes the conduct of Lord RUSSELL'S Life Peerage Bill in the House of Commons. There would be no formidable opposition to a measure which has in some respects a democratic appearance, and it would perhaps be thought a vexatious abuse of power to restrain the House of Lords in its newborn zeal for innovation. The postponement of the Bill would not involve any disastrous consequences, but further consideration would throw no additional light on the merits of the scheme. If Parliament creates life-peersages in the same year in which it suppresses the Irish Establishment, and if it passes the Duke of ARGYLL'S Bill for primary education in Scotland, and Mr. FORSTER'S Bill on secondary education, the popular appetite for novelty will be sufficiently appeased. Its function of controlling public policy has been usefully exercised in the debates on the state of Ireland and on English pauperism. A not less urgent question will be raised if Sir H. BULWER proceeds with his motion on the late negotiations with America. From the beginning of the civil war to the present time Parliament has displayed remarkable prudence in abstaining from all discussions which could furnish the United States with a pretext for taking offence; and there is no reason to doubt that if the actual relations between the two countries are brought before the House of Commons, the same delicacy and reserve will be maintained by all parties. The cause of peace will probably be advanced by a firm and temperate assertion of the policy which all classes and parties are fully determined to pursue. It is especially desirable that Mr. GLADSTONE should be as jealous of English dignity as he will undoubtedly be considerate to American susceptibility. The unwillingness of the House of Commons to interfere unnecessarily with foreign affairs is a guarantee for its capacity of representing the feelings of the country on grave occasions.

THE PROGRESS OF THE IRISH CHURCH BILL.

WHITSUNTIDE has come, and the avowed intention of the Government to carry the Irish Church Bill through Committee by this date has been fulfilled. We have grown so accustomed to the inevitable majority of a hundred, which has damped every energy and repelled every effort of the Opposition, that it seems now only a matter of course that the Bill has made this rapid progress. But if we turn back, and remember how matters stood at the beginning of the Session, we seem to see the success of the Bill in another light. There were many rocks ahead, on any of which it might have grounded for awhile. Some sort of Irish Church Bill was of course inevitable. So much had been decided by the elections. But who could foresee that a Bill would be introduced which would run a perfectly smooth course? There were many quarters from which difficulties might have come. The English clergy are, on the whole, decidedly hostile to the Bill; and although they were not able to carry the elections, yet, if the Government had seemed embarrassed and the House wavering, the opposition of the clergy might have done serious harm. The refusal of Sir ROUNDELL PALMER to accept the Chancellorship under a Government pledged to such a Bill might have brought many persons round to think

that perhaps there was a mistake, and that at any rate there was no occasion to be in too great a hurry. The fear of Popery which pervades the classes who draw their strong but simple notions of the Papacy from the *Pilgrim's Progress* might have shown itself in a movement against giving the compensation to Maynooth which justice imperatively demanded. The Opposition has the singular advantage of being under two leaders. Mr. HADY comforts it by the strange spectacle of an able man who in these days not only honestly believes in the Conservative creed, but is capable of calculating how far it must take him if he really believes in it; while Mr. DISRAELI is sufficiently aloof from both parties to take advantage of the enthusiasm of his friends and the blunders of his adversaries. How has it happened, then, that a string of amendments proposed by Mr. DISRAELI have been so utterly wiped out that no one can remember even what they were; that the furious enemies of Maynooth have desisted from their endeavours to prevent it from receiving compensation on the avowed ground that they find it utterly hopeless to go on; that there has not been the faintest whispering of doubt about the Bill in any Liberal constituency, and that the few Liberals who have occasionally differed from Mr. GLADSTONE in the House have done so with profuse apologies, and with affectionate hopes that he will look kindly on a little independence? All this is very remarkable, and strong causes must have been at work to produce it; for there has been no excitement, no burst of popular passion, such as carried Lord GREY'S Reform Bill. The Irish Church Bill has rolled on smoothly and swiftly, as if carried by its own weight and roundness to its aim.

The Bill has been pronounced on both sides of the House to be revolutionary, and it is certainly a great revolution that we should dissolve, in Ireland, that famous alliance of Church and State which was once thought to be the keystone of the British Empire. That the keystone should have been knocked away so quickly and quietly in three months is a surprising thing, and shows how powerful must be the new feelings that are operating on the English mind. For the most powerful of these feelings is one which is as yet vague and indefinite, which points towards a grand but unknown future, the positive side of which is very faintly sketched as yet, but the negative side of which appears in the conviction that differences in religion do not present a sufficient basis for the arrangements and constitution of societies and nations. The mere ties of self-interest are confessedly inadequate for the same purpose. No one now dreams of talking the language of pure arrogance and selfishness in politics. Europe—and we may limit ourselves to Europe, for the irritation produced by war and taxes has removed America for a time out of the sphere of cosmopolitan politics—is seeking some other basis than that of national antipathies and religious differences. The community of material interests is undoubtedly the most material agent of change, but no one seems to be satisfied with the mere increase of wealth. Something more is wanted, and this something more is found by one half of Europe in a sentimental direction—in the eulogies of brotherhood, in the pursuit of an ideal democracy, in the recasting of the whole relations of capital and labour; and by the other half of Europe in a practical direction, in the passionate desire to be just. England naturally drifts in the latter direction; she is naturally and properly afraid of great social changes, while her growing experience in the working of a most diversified government has impelled her to serious reflection on the principles by which vast and varied masses of men can be kept under the same sway. Amid the uncertainties of all things, and with a future lying before European society the form of which we cannot apprehend, but which we are certain must be very unlike our present, we can at least be rigidly and honourably just. This is the feeling that moves England at present, and it is the force of this feeling that has pushed the Irish Church Bill through the Commons before Whitsuntide. There is also always a poetry coupled with justice, and a genial enthusiasm attends a newborn desire to do right, and a strong vein of sentiment has run through the recent action of England towards Ireland. As Mr. BRIGHT truly says, the present Parliament is thoroughly well disposed on all Irish questions, and wishes that what is right should be done, not only kindly and generously, but speedily. Nor has the reception of the Bill in Ireland been among the least efficacious of the causes that have pushed it on. By the Irish Protestants it has been received with a fury which was in itself quite pardonable, but which became contemptible when it betrayed laymen into talk about Repeal which in the mouths of Protestant landlords is nonsensical, and betrayed bishops into bursts of coarse and intemperate language

about garotters and BILLY GLADSTONE. By the mass of the Irish people the Bill has been received with gentle patronage and lukewarm approbation, as a mild instalment of what they deserve and hope to get. Far from frightening or irritating England, the attitude of the Irish has only made England more anxious to get the Irish Church Bill passed. We know perfectly well that the Irish ask many things which it is impossible to give them, which justice itself forbids that we should let them have. But we cannot discuss these darker and more doubtful questions with any inward comfort or satisfaction so long as such a manifestly unjust thing as the Irish Established Church is suffered to remain. Very difficult questions will arise as to what is just when we come to discuss Irish land and Irish education, and England naturally wishes to gain freedom for action on these points by having got the Irish Church out of the way.

This has been the base of Mr. GLADSTONE's majorities, for the constituencies have been quite firm, and have been pleased to see their representatives take part in so effective a demonstration of political power. But there has been more than this. There has been an anxious wish on the part of the representatives themselves not to be left out of these majorities. The degree to which this obedience of the whole Liberal party in the Commons to its chief has been carried is astonishing. That they have voted like a machine for the Bill, and every clause of it, is only a portion of what they have done. They have actually held their tongues when bidden. They have not ventured to interrupt the progress of the measure by offering their useless opinions and ideas. Sometimes some very few of them have for a moment walked in the paths of the Opposition, but they have only done so after obtaining a sort of ticket of leave from Mr. GLADSTONE, and they have reported themselves to Mr. GLYN immediately after their little escapade. This is very unlike the days of Palmerstonian Parliaments. It is unquestionably the Reform Bill that has done this. Whatever may have been the good or the harm of the Bill, the belief that it would at least strengthen the Executive, and make government a little more possible, has been justified. Members are much more bound up with their constituencies than they were. It is difficult to get, and very difficult to keep, a seat; and the man who happens to be sitting has to think very carefully what his local friends will say of him. The Liberal constituencies do not like being left out in the cold, with their member voting and speaking and caballing and intriguing according to his own personal whims and fancies and interests. They want to see the Liberal party triumph, and they want their man to contribute to this triumph. They have a perfect horror of Caves, which, they conceive, owe their origin to the piques and passions of individuals, and to an inherent contempt felt by London gentlemen for humble country electors. Undoubtedly this increase of political power has been purchased at the cost of some degree of honourable independence on the part of the members. This is an evil, but the evil of trying to govern a great country through an assembly of six hundred people, each thinking and talking and acting in his own way, is greater. The want of all motive force in the unreformed Parliaments was fast bringing Parliamentary government into contempt. Everything attempted was laid aside, and put off to another Session. Now the Irish Church Bill has been got through before Whitsuntide, and if the remedy applied to produce such a change has been strong it has been very successful. And perhaps, of all the parts of the Reform Bill which have wrought this change, the disfranchising clauses have been the most operative. There were far too many seats which nominal Liberals could command, and which permitted them to show, not any real and sensible independence, but a complete indifference to the interests of their party. Any fancied slight on the part of Mr. GLADSTONE, any hint that his vote was counted on by the Ministry, was sufficient to send one of these very free and independent Liberals into the wrong lobby. It is a very good thing that this has come to an end. Session after Session spent in abortive attempts at legislation, under a succession of weak Governments, involve a most lamentable waste of time and strength. The present ardour of obsequiousness to the Government will probably soon pass away. There will be less certainty of opinion in the constituencies and in the House; but at any rate we may hope that we shall not have any Caves for some time to come, and that, if sections of the Liberal party differ from each other, they will do so on public grounds, with a real sympathy between members and electors, and not out of mere wantonness, or from a wish to take a petty vengeance or to gratify personal spite.

It is only fair, however, to add that very much of the success of the Bill is due to the Bill itself. It is perhaps the best-

drawn Bill of modern times. Throughout its whole conception appears one leading principle clearly and consistently followed. Every detail has been most carefully considered with reference to this principle, and has been put in a shape admitting of scarcely any mistake. With all the good-will in the world, a majority, however overwhelming, could not have carried it through before Whitsuntide if conflicting principles had appeared in the composition of the Bill, or if the clauses had not been so shaped as to give practical effect to the wishes of the Ministry. Much of the credit of this skilful preparation of the measure is said to be due to the Irish ATTORNEY-GENERAL; and, if so, members have to thank him for letting them take their holidays with so much solid work already accomplished. It must be remembered that there were two divergent theories as to the disestablishment and disendowment of the Irish Church, and it needed much statesmanlike capacity in those members of the Cabinet who framed the measure to choose one of these two principles and to adhere to it resolutely, more especially as the leaders of the party, Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BRIGHT, were evidently not alive last year to the divergence of these theories, and to the necessity of adopting one or the other. Both theories took for granted that the Irish Church was, as it were, tainted by its political connexion with the State, and needed a wholesale purifying. But how was this purification to be made? The one theory was to the effect that some startling and striking fine or penalty would suffice—something that would show conclusively that England had done with Protestant ascendancy; the other theory was to the effect that this would not suffice, that the whole property of the Irish Church was irremediably mixed up with this ascendancy, and that nothing short of utter confiscation would serve to remove the injustice of having used the powers of conquest in aid of an alien religion. Sir ROUNDELL PALMER was the advocate of the first theory when he gave up office, not that he might protect the Irish Church from disestablishment and disendowment, but that he might ask why, if the Irish Church were subjected to a severe penalty by a partial confiscation, it might not be suffered to retain enough property to make it simply effective as a religious body. Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BRIGHT were under the influence of this theory when last year they talked of dealing very generously with the Irish Church, and assumed that the glebes and glebe-houses would naturally remain with the disestablished Church. This theory was pushed to an absurdity by Mr. DISRAELI, the tenor of whose amendments was that all the property of the Church should be taken away from it, provided that all, and a little more than all, were given back to it. It was because this theory was floating in their minds that unreasoning people thought that the compensation to Maynooth was taken out of the funds of the Irish Church, as it would have been if this compensation had been in the nature of a fine levied on the Church, the remission of which would have secured it so much more money. What the Government deserve praise for is that, having made up their minds to the opposite theory that the work of justice could only be accomplished, and that the persuasion of justice having been done could only be inspired, by utter confiscation, they adopted this principle with entire frankness and consistency, and shaped every detail of the Bill so as to be in harmony with it. This enabled them to say of almost every amendment that it was against the principle of the Bill, so that on seemingly minute clauses they were really taking renewed divisions on the Second Reading. From the day when Mr. GLADSTONE made his speech explaining what the Government measure was to be, it became evident that the parts of the Bill would so fit into each other that it would be exceedingly difficult to take some of those parts and to reject the rest. This has gone far to secure the rapid passage of the Bill through the Commons, and it can scarcely fail to operate in the Lords. The Lords may reject the Bill altogether, which is in the last degree unlikely; but if they once accept it, they will find it very difficult to alter it much, unless they attempt to recast the whole basis on which it is framed, which would be equivalent to rejecting it, and would entail the same political consequences.

THE EMPEROR AT CHARTRES.

IF history never repeats itself, the Emperor of the FRENCH is evidently not disposed to submit to a similar restriction. His speech at Chartres on Sunday was a virtual announcement that his reliance on the methods of government which he has hitherto found to answer is still unshaken. The world has changed a good deal since 1848, but the Napoleonic policy

remains just what it was. Twenty years ago he made his "first appeal to the spirit of conciliation," and called upon "all good citizens to sacrifice for the public good their regrets and feelings of rancour"; and now, "after seventeen years of peaceful prosperity," he speaks "in the same language, but with greater authority and confidence." In this one sentence we have the essence of the Imperialist theory of French history. The pre-Napoleonic ages are but a storehouse of "regrets and feelings of rancour." In themselves these may be pardonable, or even praiseworthy, but a good citizen will be careful to give them no practical application. He may have his sentimental yearnings or dislikes, but his attitude towards the dethroned dynasties and the fallen institutions of his own country will be as purely intellectual as his admiration for the Athens of PERICLES or the Rome of CÆSAR. They belong to a state of things that has passed away for ever, and to recognise this truth is the first duty of a Frenchman who claims to understand his era. In so far as he does not recognise it, he subordinates the welfare of his country to his own passions. But the EMPEROR thinks too well of his subjects to have any fear of such a catastrophe. He counts upon the citizens of Chartres because they "are part of those eight millions of Frenchmen who have thrice accorded" him their suffrage; and in the fact that these eight millions have successively made him President, President for life, and Emperor, he sees an indisputable proof of their patriotism, and, by consequence, an indisputable guarantee "for order, progress, and liberty." It is this survey of the past that encourages him to invite honest men of every party "to second the regular advance of the Government on the path of liberal progress, and to oppose insuperable resistance to those subversive passions which appear to revive only to threaten the unshaken fabric of universal suffrage." This is the "mission of civilization" which NAPOLEON III. has to accomplish, and it is the glory of the French nation that it has been called to co-operate with him in the great work. In a few days "the people will meet in their Electoral Comitia," and will choose the instruments by which this co-operation is to be effected. The EMPEROR's confidence in France is unbounded; the deputies will be worthy of their trust.

It may be questioned whether this consistency of attitude adds any strength to the EMPEROR's position. In the outset there was a real meaning in this sort of language. As it became increasingly evident that the Imperial Government had an element of permanence which had for some time been absent from French institutions, moderate adherents of former systems might by degrees have come to doubt whether to give it a modified support was not the best course for Liberal Frenchmen to pursue. The position of his family, as well as his own personal antecedents, gave NAPOLEON III. considerable and various claims on more than one among French political parties. As the heir of the great Emperor he satisfied that military feeling which had been subjected to unnatural repression during the reign of LOUIS PHILIPPE. As the defender of universal suffrage he represented the initial idea of Continental democracy. As the unshrinking maintainer of public order he soothed that widely diffused dread of revolution which the events of June, 1848, had roused into new life. Prudent men might have been brought by degrees to include all these facts in their calculations, and to balance one of them against another. The Republic had been tried and had proved a failure, and an ardent Republican would probably see but little to choose between an elected President of the type of General CAVAIGNAC and an Emperor such as NAPOLEON III. Why should he not support a Government which accepted one at least of his favourite principles in preference to a Government which, if it called itself by the right name, would probably have little claim to the right nature? The Parliamentary institutions which flourished under the Monarchy of July might be looked back to with regretful admiration by the Orleanists, but experience had shown that no executive which did not rest on a wider basis of popular support could have any chance of maintaining itself against the combined hostility of Bonapartists, Legitimists, and Democrats. To no class of Frenchmen other than its professed adherents was the Empire anything more than the least disliked of two alternatives; but an institution which occupied this position in the midst of a divided nation might fairly hope to play off one section against another, and to live, so to speak, on the second votes of all.

It cannot be said, however, that NAPOLEON III. has pursued this end with much success. There has been, especially of late years, a want of elasticity in his policy which has been very fatal to the assumption of the necessary variety of characters. He has soothed the fears of the middle

classes, but he has done nothing to conciliate their Parliamentary instincts, and he has pressed heavily on their pockets. He has relied on his relationship to NAPOLEON I. to secure the devotion of the peasantry, but he has forgotten that, though in rural districts traditions linger long, there has been time enough for the NAPOLEON worship which was so prevalent under the Restoration to give way to newer faiths. He has been forced to alienate the democratic populations of the great towns by his Roman policy and his calculated deference to the clergy, and he has in turn irritated the Catholic instincts of the country by that desire not to break hopelessly with the democrats which has prevented him from giving the Pope the thoroughgoing support which will alone satisfy Ultramontane demands. When, therefore, he now appeals to honest men of every party, he finds no believers in that "regular advance in the path of Liberal progress" which he claims on behalf of his Government. That Frenchmen should credit him with having gone far enough in any one direction was not to be expected; but they might, if his professions had been more sincere, and his practice more consonant with them, have admitted that he had done as much in this way as the circumstances of France would permit. The Republican would have recognised as large an infusion of his favourite doctrines as is compatible with monarchical institutions. The Orleanist would have seen as complete a development of Parliamentary government as can be combined with that executive vigour which a French public requires. As it is, the EMPEROR has contrived, with remarkable success, to alienate all these phases of political opinion at one and the same time. His Government has been at once strong and timid. It has put down every enemy, but it has never succeeded in allaying its own fears of them. Even where there has been some "advance on the path of Liberal progress," it has been made in spite of those who now point to what has been done as though it constituted some claim in them to the gratitude of Frenchmen. The policy of the Empire has been ingeniously adapted to multiply enemies and aggravate defeats. It allows of no open questions, it recognises no support except that of its own creatures, it treats every victory of the Opposition as the first step towards a revolution. Its description of the conduct of its adversaries has as little weight in the country as the account it gives of itself. Frenchmen must by this time have pretty well learned to measure the strong language which the Government applies to the Opposition. To vote against an official candidate is a subversive passion; to remonstrate against swamping a town constituency with a torrent of rural voters, or a whole regiment of soldiers who have been made civilians for the occasion, is to threaten the unshaken fabric of universal suffrage. There can be few greater mistakes for a Government than to exaggerate the hostility against which it has to contend. Men easily become habituated to the commission of offences which bring with them neither remorse nor punishment, and the politician who hears at every election that he is the slave of subversive passions and the enemy of universal suffrage, grows accustomed by degrees to the position, and ends perhaps by sympathizing with the treason which he has talked all his life without knowing it.

That the strong reassertion of the principle of personal government which the EMPEROR has thought fit to make is merely the prelude to some further modification of it, is by no means impossible. Looking back over the "seventeen years of peaceful prosperity" which have elapsed since the *coup d'état*, it cannot be denied that France has regained to an appreciable extent the liberties of which she was then deprived. But it has been the fancy of the EMPEROR that every advance in this direction shall be traceable to the sole action of his personal will, and shall be given just at the time when the Opposition has lost all expectation of obtaining it by any efforts of its own. Perhaps the concession of a responsible Ministry is intended to follow upon a Government victory at the elections, and has only been delayed lest it should seem that the EMPEROR relies for his triumph on some other agency than the magic of his name and the majesty of his character.

THE MAYOR OF CORK.

THE unexpected resignation of the Mayor of Cork probably denotes a lingering sense of decency on his own part, or on that of his local advisers. It is surprising that he should have relieved Parliament from the performance of a thoroughly disagreeable duty. Notwithstanding Mr. DISRAELI's ill-timed criticism, there was but one opinion as to the necessity of silencing official sedition; yet it was felt that the machinery

of punishment was wholly disproportioned to the character of the offender. A Bill of Pains and Penalties is an extreme remedy for misconduct which happens to lie beyond the reach of law; and although the proceedings at Cork satisfied the conditions of penal legislation, it appeared probable that a vulgar demagogue would be gratified by an opportunity of making himself additionally notorious. The Town Council and the mob of Cork have expressed their approval of the scandalous language of the Mayor, which had the questionable merit of being perfectly clear and intelligible; but a disavowal is equivalent to a retraction, and, notwithstanding the sympathy of his fellow-townsmen, Mr. O'SULLIVAN has at last thought fit to disclaim the only possible meaning of his words. It is possible that he may be sincere in the paradoxical assertion that he did not intend to praise O'FARRELL for attempting to murder the Duke of EDINBURGH. Knowing nothing of the assassin except that he had committed the crime, Mr. O'SULLIVAN expressed admiration for his character and conduct; nor can it be doubted that at the moment he remembered that another member of the Royal Family was travelling in Ireland; yet it is more likely that he was influenced by a morbid craving for applause than that he wantonly desired to encourage assassination. When self-respect has been destroyed by habits of seditious exaggeration, a political brawler loses all sense of responsibility for his words. Even now the man is apparently not ashamed of having described the Clerkenwell explosion and the attack on the Duke of EDINBURGH as noble and patriotic acts. A casuist might suspend his judgment on the question whether mischievous nonsense may not indicate as deep moral degradation as deliberate incitements to crime. The Cork rabble probably assume that Mr. O'SULLIVAN was guilty only of incontinence of speech, although he would not have forfeited their confidence if he had been in earnest in his sanction of murder. The delinquent himself is perhaps sufficiently educated to understand the difference, since it has been explained to him in the clearest terms, and it may be presumed that when he next celebrates the release of disaffected convicts, he will confine himself to political sedition instead of digressing into eulogies of ordinary crime. One of his friends in the House of Commons paid him a truly Irish compliment in stating that, from his knowledge of Mr. O'SULLIVAN's character, anything he said that he would do might be relied on. The best apology for the speech at the convict festival is that Mr. O'SULLIVAN may be relied on not to do whatever he recommends as laudable or expedient. Mr. MAGUIRE showed a keener perception of the true line of defence when he suggested, on the first discussion of the question, the amiable explanation that the Mayor had probably been drunk.

Mr. GLADSTONE was only too glad to avoid the necessity of proceeding with a measure which would have been at the same time anomalous and unpopular. His predecessors, soon after the first Reform Bill, found the inconvenience of attempting to combine conciliation with repression. All the advantages which might have been expected by Lord GREY and Mr. STANLEY to arise from the suppression of several Irish bishoprics, and from the prospect of tithe commutation, were for the time suspended by the prosecution of O'CONNELL. The Mayor of CORK is an agitator of a humbler order; but if his cause had been adopted by the extreme Irish Liberals, the Government might have been involved in a troublesome conflict with its most zealous supporters. In accepting Mr. MAGUIRE's overture, the PRIME MINISTER perhaps disclosed with too little reserve his natural satisfaction in the surrender of his humble antagonist. It is not desirable to encourage future offenders by confessing the annoyance which they have the power, with little inconvenience to themselves, of inflicting on their betters. The Government would only perform its duty by introducing, after due consideration, a Bill which might prevent the recurrence of similar scandals. It must be remembered that Mr. O'SULLIVAN's outrageous language, and his culpable presidency at a Fenian celebration, were not the only instances of misconduct in his official capacity. The magistrates of Cork unanimously requested that he might be dismissed from a post in which he habitually insulted his colleagues and impeded the administration of justice. His repeated denunciations of the police in a city which has lately been the scene of frequent disorders were directly calculated to encourage the populace to breaches of the peace. On the morning after the Fenian supper the Mayor visited the prison before the arrival of the other magistrates, for the purpose of discharging the persons who had been locked up for the comparatively venial offence which Mr. MAGUIRE, in his friendly zeal, afterwards imputed to Mr. O'SULLIVAN himself. There ought to be some simpler mode of dealing

with a municipal functionary who uses his legal powers for the promotion of disorder. Mr. O'REILLY suggested that the Crown should be empowered to dismiss a Mayor on the Address of both Houses of Parliament; but it seems inexpedient to place an agitator of the rank of O'SULLIVAN on the same footing with a misdemeanant Judge. A sufficient remedy for the evil would be provided if the Lord-Lieutenant had the power of depriving a Mayor, at his discretion, of magisterial functions. It is not a little absurd that a person who had already been removed from the Commission of the Peace should be restored to the bench of magistrates by popular election. In ordinary cases it is unnecessary to curtail the ancient municipal privilege, and happily, even in Ireland, the O'SULLIVAN case is one of the first impression. Among the numerous eccentricities of the English Constitution, few are more remarkable than the absence of all prevention against the abuse of lawful powers to the detriment of the State. No other country guards so carefully against excesses of authority affecting private rights, but the respect of public functionaries for law and order is tacitly taken for granted. The assumption has proved tolerably correct in Great Britain, and Irishmen will only learn to appreciate the responsibilities of freedom by enjoying its benefits.

The House of Commons, in its unwilling preparation for an encounter with an ignoble adversary, rediscovered with a kind of surprise that its omnipotence is limited by incapacity to administer an oath. The ordinary and formal power which is entrusted to magistrates, to private arbitrators, to the House of Lords, and even to Select Committees of the House of Commons, is by ancient custom withheld from the sovereign Assembly of the realm. The disability could be removed at pleasure if it involved any practical inconvenience, but a constitutional anomaly is not to be lightly thrown away. A few years ago the power to examine witnesses on oath was conferred on Select Committees of the Commons, under an impression that evidence had sometimes been given with undue levity or indifference to facts. It is not understood that scientific witnesses have since unlearned their tendency to speak as advocates; nor, indeed, do they belong to a class which would draw any distinction between sworn and unsworn statements. The examinations which are on rare occasions conducted at the bar of the House of Commons are confined to facts, instead of extending to matters of opinion, and the special jurisdiction of the House would perhaps be as efficacious as the penalties of perjury. The practical argument against a change is that an ancient defect assumes the dignity of a privilege. A more valuable security for the exercise of the powers of the House in defence of law and order is to be found in the existence of a Liberal Government. The instincts of a leader of Opposition which betrayed Mr. DISRAELI into a casual blunder would not improbably have induced Mr. GLADSTONE, if he had occupied the same position, to offer strenuous resistance to a penal measure. It seems that there was no precedent for a Bill founded on seditious words, and there are plausible objections to all exceptional legislation. It would have been easy to hint that patriotic Irishmen were driven to despair by the policy of a Conservative Government; and Mr. BRIGHT might have added that all acts of severity must henceforth be attended by some equivalent compensation. Mr. DISRAELI was only deterred from adopting the same line of argument by the murmurs of his followers, whose real feelings were, as usual, more accurately expounded by Mr. HARDY. Perhaps even the present Government could not have secured the support of Irish members but for the pledges which they have given by the Bill for destroying the Established Church. A message of peace to Ireland which is not rejected with noisy indignation has accomplished a part of its purpose. When the Mayor of CORK thought fit to profess confidence in Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. BRIGHT, he supplied the Opposition with a weapon against the Government; but it is something to have imposed on blatant demagogues the necessity of acknowledging that there are English statesmen entitled to the confidence of Ireland. Mr. GLADSTONE is not called upon to defend himself against the charge of sympathizing with Mr. O'SULLIVAN in his sentimental enthusiasm for incendiaries and assassins. The power of commonplace is not to be despised, especially in a rhetorical country. Multitudes who believe that they are oppressed because they have always been told so, may perhaps gradually accept the same authority for the contrary proposition. Treasonable declaimers will learn from the capitulation of Mr. O'SULLIVAN that it is, even in Ireland, possible to go too far. Some of them, when they talk of revolution and civil war, mean no more than the Mayor of CORK meant when, after listening to discharged convicts blue-

tering about sabres, he extolled the virtues of the powder-barrel and the treacherous revolver. As they are not heads of municipal bodies, ordinary agitators are not exposed to bills of pains and penalties; but they will feel that it is not safe to venture a collision with the law. The most lenient of Governments may on occasion be forced to vindicate justice, and it is sufficiently plain that Parliament will support any measures that may be required for the protection of public decency.

ENGLISH POLICY IN CENTRAL ASIA.

WHILE Lord LAWRENCE's speech in the House of Lords has reconciled public opinion in England to the cautious policy which he has bequeathed to his successor, Indian politicians, feeling a stronger interest in the affairs of Central Asia, are less fully satisfied with the results of the Umballa interview. In activity of mind, in political daring, and in patriotic impatience, the civil and military servants of the Crown in India resemble rather the statesmanlike adventurers of the age of ELIZABETH than the peaceable men of business who administer the Government at home. Thoroughly devoted to the duty of maintaining the safety and greatness of the Empire, they habitually suspect that deliberate inactivity is but a cover for indolence or timidity; and at present they regard with unconcealed dislike the approach towards the Indian frontier of another European Power. The prolonged inaction of Sir JOHN LAWRENCE during the late civil war in Afghanistan was not generally popular with his subordinates, nor has his final determination to confine his interference to the payment of a subsidy met with general approval. It is indeed far from improbable that SHERE ALI may be unable or unwilling to perform the services for which he accepts a large retaining fee. An Afghan King is liable to assassination, to dethronement, and to the acceptance of larger offers from a hostile quarter; but the actual ruler of Cabul, having defeated his enemies without English aid, will probably maintain his position with the advantage of a grant which is perhaps equal to his entire army estimates. It is a strong recommendation of the system adopted by the Indian Government, that it exactly reverses the policy of thirty years ago, which had its origin, not in the Indian Council, but in the English Cabinet. A weak Governor-General was then induced, in opposition to his own calmer judgment, to set up a pretender against SHERE ALI's father, who would gladly have broken off his intrigues with Russia if he had been assured of English support. The terrible disasters which followed might have been avoided by prudent conduct and by military vigilance; but the occupation of Afghanistan necessarily involved needless risks and burdens. If SHERE ALI's adherence to the English alliance can be secured by a liberal payment, the outposts of India will be most cheaply defended by a native auxiliary force.

Two general officers, of long experience in the affairs of North-Western India, have lately published directly opposite opinions on the best mode of securing the frontier. Sir SYDNEY COTTON, in a short pamphlet, insists on the immediate necessity of an onward movement; while Sir VINCENT EYRE maintains, in a lecture delivered before the East India Association, the expediency of rendering the present frontier impregnable. It would be presumptuous in civilians to decide between two competent soldiers who respectively assert and deny the defensive merits of the line of the Indus; but, if the arguments were equally balanced, there would be a presumption in favour of the frontier which is already our own. According to Sir SYDNEY COTTON, the position of Peshawur is so bad in all respects that it will be necessary to recede from it or to advance. It seems that the valley of Koorum, on the other side of the Khyber Pass, might be recommended by military considerations; but Sir SYDNEY COTTON prefers the alternative of establishing an auxiliary force at Cabul, or of placing agents, also with troops at their disposal, at Candahar and Herat. By no other method, it is urged, can the legitimate succession be secured to the family of SHERE ALI; but it is not seriously pretended that hereditary legitimacy in Afghanistan greatly concerns the Indian Government. There is no reason to suppose that the AMEER himself would accept the position of a feudatory prince for the purpose of securing himself against domestic rivals. An English Envoy at Cabul would occupy the position of the unfortunate Sir WILLIAM MACNAGHTEN, although proper precautions might undoubtedly be taken against the recurrence of the former catastrophe. It is possible that Sir SYDNEY COTTON's military judgment is sound, and he states the curious fact that the word Peshawur means "advanced post," not of the rulers of India, but of the Afghans and of other

Northern invaders. It would, in Sir SYDNEY COTTON's opinion, be convenient to have the mountain tribes in the rear instead of in the front, for the purpose both of promoting among them civilization and industry, and of preventing them from engaging in intrigues with Central Asia. It is not impossible that some other strategist would attach greater importance to the inconvenience which might arise from the interposition of turbulent tribes between an advanced force at Cabul and the open country of India. The difficulty of holding Afghanistan as a protected dependency may be appreciated without technical knowledge. Although the new Russian possessions appear, on an ordinary map, dangerously near to the extreme north of India, many miles and some formidable mountain ranges are still interposed between Samarcand and Peshawur. It is doubtful whether it is desirable to curtail a space which at present diminishes the probability of unfriendly collision. If a necessity should arise through the defection of SHERE ALI or of his successors, there would always be time for an army from India to anticipate the Russians at Cabul. The great risk of the expedition of 1838 consisted in the possible defection of RUNJEET SING, who then held the Punjab with a formidable army. If the Sikhs had broken off from the English alliance, either during Sir JOHN KEANE's advance upon Cabul, or after the destruction of the army in 1841, the whole of the North-West would have been exposed to imminent danger. At present an advance in force from Peshawur would encounter no formidable resistance; and it would be better that English troops should be regarded as allies, and not as conquerors. The warlike inhabitants of Afghanistan would be more likely to resist a Russian attack on their own independence than to repel an invader who could offer them liberation from English dominion.

Sir SYDNEY COTTON directly contradicts Lord LAWRENCE's statement that an Afghan invasion was averted, during the Mutiny, by the payment of a stipend to DOST MAHOMMED. On the contrary, he asserts that it was to the resolute attitude of the officers in command at Peshawur that the safety of India was due. "The paltry expedient of bribing an avaricious Afghan" might, it is said, have secured the personal neutrality of the King; but "thirty thousand Afghans had shod their horses 'ready to invade our territory, the very last act always of 'such troops previous to a hostile movement.'" Sir SYDNEY COTTON adds that Sir JOHN LAWRENCE was prepared, at the beginning of the Mutiny, to surrender the valley and district of Peshawur to the Afghans, as the price of peace. There can at present be no question of a surrender of territory, and the paltry expedient of bribing an avaricious Afghan may be justified by success. Bribes are, in truth, effective in proportion to the avarice or to the wants of the recipients; and, in the case of the Afghan Ameer, avarice is nearly related to ambition. Sir SYDNEY COTTON says that the rebel soldiers who had been fighting against SHERE ALI flocked to his standard when they heard of the arrival of the English rupees. The attainment of the primary object of the subsidy seems not to form a conclusive argument against Lord LAWRENCE's policy. A veteran officer, fully informed of the subject which he discusses, may be excused for attributing the dissent or coldness of home politicians to imperfect knowledge; but it is only possible for ordinary Englishmen to decide on a conflict of evidence, and on general principles; and there are respectable authorities on the side of peace, or of passive expectation.

Sir VINCENT EYRE, who was in his youth one of the prisoners of Cabul, recommends careful attention to the assailable points of the river Indus, and to the occupiers of the mountain passes immediately beyond, who are to be propitiated by political and pecuniary arrangements, or, in other words, by bribes bestowed on avaricious chiefs. He regards the Russian conquests in Central Asia not without complacency, and he holds that for some generations the military force of Russia in those regions will be utterly insufficient for purposes of invasion. It might be added that a Russian attack on India would in all probability be attempted by a road which was practically open long before the conquest of Turkestan. The weak point of Afghanistan is Herat, which in the hands of a Persian garrison would become a Russian outpost. The passes in the North, though they were formerly traversed by half-civilized conquerors, afford little facility for the passage of the stores and artillery of a modern army. On the whole, it seems that, until circumstances change, there is a preponderance of argument against an aggressive and heroic policy. If the AMEER desires the continuance of the subsidy, he will abstain from conduct which would produce an immediate forfeiture. Any intimation of a purpose of sacrificing a royal revenue would almost prove that he was in expectation of receiving an equivalent

from Russia; nor could it be tolerated that an avaricious Afghan should accept a bribe from any hostile quarter. Except as incident to an internal rebellion, an invasion of India would have no chance of success. The reduction of Afghanistan to the state of a protected kingdom would be a costly precaution against a remote and manageable danger.

LORD RUSSELL REDIVIVUS.

LORD RUSSELL evidently holds that his presence is an indispensable condition of anything that is worth calling a discussion. The Irish Land Question, and Mr. BRIGHT's position in relation to it, have been before the House of Lords at least three times this Session. On each occasion the programme has been the same. The Opposition has in effect said to the Government, Pray tell us your plans for next Session, that we may damage them as much as possible beforehand. As the Government has three times declined to comply with this agreeable invitation, it might have been thought that the little joke was pretty well played out. Even the unjust judge would probably have been firm against the importunate widow if he had known that she was going to use his decision against him the next moment. There is a sort of friend, however, who is quite ready to rush in where even an Opposition has grown tired of treading, and of this stamp is Lord RUSSELL. He ignores all that has been said on the subject already, since, as he was absent, nothing can have been said to the purpose. He is grieved, too, at the pettiness which has characterized the Liberal party since he retired from its leadership. He feels that, if he had only been in office, the legislation of the Session would have been thorough and comprehensive. Lord RUSSELL has never succumbed to the weakness of doing one thing at a time. He has often done nothing at all for several Sessions together, but his inaction has always been atoned for by his trying everything at once later on. To this cause perhaps may be attributed the fact that the record of his official career will be found rather in HANSARD than in the Statute-book. He feels that the Irish Church Bill would have furnished very insufficient employment for his restless energy if he had been in Mr. GLADSTONE's place. He would have had an Irish policy ready which should have embraced the land question as well, and the two Bills might have proceeded *pari passu* through both Houses. As Lord RUSSELL's proposals were usually wont to retire in July to the pigeon-holes whence they had emerged in February, he would have been neither surprised nor annoyed if his fate had awaited one or both measures. Mr. GLADSTONE has not attained to this state of philosophical indifference, and consequently his arrangements for the Session have been dwarfed by the contemptible desire to pass something. What is worse, he has perhaps not yet made up his mind what he shall propose as to the Land question. A statesman who voluntarily remains in this state of uncertainty when he has Lord RUSSELL to apply to for suggestions must, it is to be feared, be the victim of a miserable vanity. He prefers to keep at a distance from the great fountain of political knowledge rather than own that another is wiser than himself. On this occasion he is doubly guilty. Political wisdom has still two tabernacles on earth, and they who will not seek her in Lord RUSSELL's conversation may do so in the reports of Sir GEORGE GREY's speeches. Two-and-twenty years ago the Irish land problem was stated and solved, and yet a Liberal Government can talk of wanting time to consider the subject. Let others prate of the Devon Commission, or pore over the reports of Parliamentary Committees. Sir GEORGE GREY set the question at rest in 1847, and Lord RUSSELL can hardly forgive Mr. GLADSTONE that the plan then indicated has not at once been made a Government proposal.

If, however, the Government, recognising its poverty of intellect and weakness of will, had declared that "while they" would take into consideration any steps which would secure "compensation to the tenants in Ireland, and at the same time maintain the rights of property, it was not their intention" during the present Session to introduce a measure upon this "subject," Lord RUSSELL could have put up with the compromise. There is a great deal in this suggestion extremely appropriate to its author. It is exactly the form in which, supposing him to have wished to say he was going to do nothing, he would have liked to put the announcement. No wool will be ready this Session, but there will be as much cry as any one can desire. No plan will be adopted, but every sort of plan will be taken into consideration. Lord RUSSELL's theory of government is modelled on his recollections of the hustings. Commit yourself to nothing, but allow as many people as pos-

sible to think you have committed yourself to them. Considering that the Government will be forced to "take into consideration" at least one "step" whenever Mr. BRIGHT chooses to lay it before them—at least we are not aware that to move the previous question is a permissible expedient at Cabinet Councils—we think they may be pardoned for not inviting any further suggestions, and the negative half of Lord RUSSELL's formula has rarely been out of their mouths since the Session began. Their candid critic goes on, however, to charge them with having adopted a third course. This was "to propose" and to allow every kind of hope to be held out to the "people of Ireland, which would tend to shake that security of property" which Sir GEORGE GREY said ought to be maintained. Lord RUSSELL seems to draw a distinction here which may escape a careless reader. The Government have not merely helped to shake security of property in the abstract; they have chosen for their attack a peculiarly sacred variety of it—that security of property which Sir GEORGE GREY said ought to be maintained! It is hard to conceive of hostility at once so malignant and so impotent—malignant because singling out something so unspeakably venerable, and impotent because that which Sir GEORGE GREY has declared must be maintained cannot possibly be subject to the influences of time and change. But those who are loth to give up the Government as hopeless may be cheered by finding that Lord RUSSELL was not very successful in bringing home the charge. The alleged holding out of every kind of hope to the people of Ireland that could shake the security of property as maintained by Sir GEORGE GREY, turned out to be only a poetical description of Mr. BRIGHT's plan for buying up the estates of absentee landlords with a view to selling them again to occupiers. Lord RUSSELL urged a good many pertinent objections to this scheme, but he wholly omitted to show how it shook the security of property. It seems a fatality about the Irish Land question which forces every member of the Opposition—for on Thursday night, at all events, Lord RUSSELL took brevet rank among them—to go off into generalities which only damage his own case. A proposal to buy land—at a price considerably above its estimated value, and only with the consent of the owners—and then to lend money to other people in order to enable them to buy it in turn is open to so much hostile criticism that it seems hardly necessary to mis-call it by a variety of epithets to which it has no just title. It may be as bad a scheme as Lord RUSSELL likes, but it contemplates no interference with the security of property, unless providing an absentee landlord with the opportunity of selling his estate whenever he likes, at a better price than he could get in the open market, can be fairly described by that name. All the theories which have been devised to establish a connexion between Mr. BRIGHT's plan and the agrarian murders now so frequent in certain parts of Ireland, labour under one common fault. They assume that the Irish peasant is absolutely destitute of sense or shrewdness. He is supposed to know that he has one or more friends in the Government, and thereupon to set about strengthening their hands by shooting the first landlord he meets. If this is a true version of the facts, idiot and Irishman must be simply convertible terms. Even if they can be credited with nothing better than the lowest form of cunning, they would at least be sharp enough to see that this is a time for putting on the meekest and most innocent aspect possible. Despair, rage, a desire to make themselves feared—these, and similar motives, will often enough drive men into crime; but the Conservative theory of agrarian outrages asks us to believe that, just when the tenantry are most sanguine of getting all they want without any further trouble, they murder a dozen landlords in pure lightness of heart. The true method to pursue in such an inquiry as this is to find out who gains by these apparently purposeless demonstrations. If Lord RUSSELL or Lord DERBY can produce an Irishman who genuinely believes that next year's Land Bill will be more favourable to the tenant because a landlord a week has been shot between now and then, they will have furnished the student of human nature with a subject worthy to be preserved in spirits.

CANADA.

THE Dominion authorities are beginning to feel the stimulus and the responsibilities of national existence. After some not insignificant difficulties, they are rapidly triumphing over domestic opposition and seeing their boundaries enlarge and their power consolidate; and at the same time they are growing sensible to the dignity of their position, and meeting the insolence of American ambition in a tone of calm but resolute rebuke.

At the commencement of the second year of the Dominion two serious obstacles to the complete establishment of the Union remained to be surmounted. The Hudson's Bay Company still survived to limit expansion to the West, while the animosity of Nova Scotia, and the reluctance of Newfoundland to make common cause with the other provinces, threatened to narrow and impair the authority of the Dominion over the small but important districts which bound it on the Atlantic coast. A few months have entirely dissipated these formidable clouds. After years of clever negotiation the Fur-trading Company has accepted reasonable terms for the cession of its vast though questionable rights, and for a moderate subsidy, supplemented by some prospective advantages, has consented to make over its huge domains to the Dominion Government. That the terms are fair to the Company follows almost as a matter of course from the fact of their acceptance; for the enormous power of resistance of a Corporation some centuries old, based on a charter which purported to give them the bulk of the North-American territory of the English Crown, would never have yielded to anything less than a liberal offer. If the indications of the market are to be trusted, it is equally clear that the Company has not secured much more than it was entitled to, and that the terms on which Canada has acquired the Red River Settlement and the outlying wilderness around it are not at all unfair to the colonists. The Hudson's Bay shares have not doubled in value, like those of the Telegraph Companies, in consequence of their Government purchase, and they are quoted now as nearly as may be at the price which they commanded when the territorial rights of the Company remained intact. Both parties may be congratulated on a satisfactory bargain, and we are glad to find that the delegates who conducted the treaty on behalf of Canada have been received on their return with strong demonstrations of satisfaction. There can be no doubt that the Ottawa Parliament will ratify the purchase, and that in a short time the whole of the Western Territory will form part of the United Dominion, and will be bound to it by the construction of the roads and telegraphs the want of which was rapidly drawing the Red River Settlement towards the United States, with which practicable communications have been long since established.

On the East the prospects of the Union have improved with unexpected rapidity. By a large majority in its Legislature, backed, according to the most trustworthy accounts, by a still more decided majority in the country, Newfoundland has declared her desire to be admitted as a member of the Confederation. With more prudence than was exhibited by the Parliament of Nova Scotia, it has been resolved not to take any definite step until the question has been submitted to the constituencies, but no doubts are entertained of the result, and it is not unlikely that from every hustings a unanimous call for Union will be heard at the ensuing general election. The change in the feeling of Nova Scotia is even more striking. The exertions of one of the ablest of modern demagogues induced the people of this sturdy little colony to resent the high-handed action of their representatives, and to return a Parliament unanimous in demanding a repeal of the Act of Union. Mr. HOWE and his associates struggled hard to induce the Imperial Parliament to repeal an Act which, after it had once been passed, it was impossible for England to meddle with without the grossest breach of faith towards the other colonies which were parties to it. The sagacity of the leader of the movement was probably sufficient to enable him to foresee this result from the first; but, whether he did so or not, the fruitless efforts of a year or two of agitation taught him and others that the only practical use to be made of their influence with the Nova Scotians and their power of annoyance to the Confederacy was to secure more favourable financial conditions than had been conceded to Nova Scotia in the original bargain. With much judgment the Dominion Ministers determined to meet the repentant Repealers half way, and terms were arranged which enabled Mr. HOWE to boast that he had added a very appreciable percentage to the revenues of the Province. Mr. HOWE, with an equal regard for his own interest and the welfare of his country, immediately accepted office in the Dominion Government, and of course exposed himself to the not unreasonable taunts of his colleagues in the Repeal crusade, who, as subsequent revelations have proved, were equally ready to throw up a hopeless cause, and only differed from their chief in showing less dexterity in effecting the transformation at the judicious moment. Mr. HOWE's acceptance of office vacated his seat, and it rested with the constituency of the county of Hants to show whether the Nova Scotians were prepared to go round with their leader, or were determined still to cherish the de-

lusive idea of Repeal. The result was very surprising. In the county which had been foremost in sustaining the Repeal cause, the traitor HOWE, as he has been, not without plausibility, styled by his former friends and present opponents, has been returned by a large majority, and the existing Repeal Ministry of Nova Scotia has tendered its resignation, and will probably soon be replaced by a more judicious body, prepared to make the best of their new Constitution. This feat of the Nova Scotian agitator has perhaps never been surpassed in its way, and we doubt if even O'CONNELL could have carried the county of Cork if he had come back to his constituency after accepting office under the "base, bloody, and brutal" Whigs, whom he had not reviled more heartily than Mr. HOWE abused his present colleagues, the creators of the Dominion Government. It is, fortunately, not necessary to sympathize with Mr. HOWE before congratulating Canada on the close of a conflict which has been healed by the hand which commenced it. Nor need we much condole with the Canadians on the still continued recalcitrance of the tiny little colony known as Prince Edward Island. The 100,000 inhabitants of this secluded spot are, it seems, bent upon keeping aloof from their brethren on the continent, and negotiating separate treaties of commerce with the United States. That the Colonial Minister should quietly put his veto upon this presumptuous attempt was a matter of course, and though the islanders will never be compelled to join the Union, it is probable that before many years have passed they will have increased by about 2 per cent. the population of the Dominion of Canada. Nothing will remain to carry the United Territory across the continent except the adhesion of Columbia. It is not material that this should be given before the communications by way of the Red River Settlement shall have become decently practicable; but it is plain enough that Columbia (in spite of some opposition from American immigrants) will soon be clamouring for absorption into the Dominion.

With its home prospects thus encouraging, and with a highly satisfactory financial position, it is natural that the Ottawa Legislature should feel called upon to assume a tone towards its arrogant neighbours befitting its increase of power and importance, and this feeling of nascent dignity could not have been more appropriately expressed than in the recent speech of Mr. GALT on the relations between the British Provinces and the States. The habit of truculent newspaper writers in New York and Washington, sometimes to threaten Canada with conquest and at others to wheedle her into annexation, culminated in the absurd and insulting proposition of Mr. CHANDLER, that England should be asked to cede her American territory in satisfaction of the huge bill which Mr. SUMNER has made out for *Alabama* damages. It was time that Canada should give her answer to the threats and invitations which were so freely addressed to her, and Mr. GALT, in his manly declaration of the resolution of Canada to maintain her independence of the States and her loyalty to Great Britain, and in his firm but temperate demand for reparation for Fenian outrages, has expressed the unanimous sentiment of his country. Whether General GRANT's Government will be disposed to concede as much to the legitimate claims of Canada as we have done in the cognate case of the *Alabama* is of secondary importance. The real significance of Mr. GALT's speech, and of its cordial reception, is to be found in the conclusive evidence which it affords of the unshaken allegiance of the North American colonists, which had been doubted by many in England, though only by those who were least acquainted with colonial feeling.

LORD TOWNSHEND ON THE PUBLIC SAFETY.

MOST people are acquainted with the works, and some are familiar with the life, of ALEXANDER CRUDEN, the compiler of the Concordance to the Bible. That excellent person got the credit of being thought, if not absolutely insane, yet rather crackbrained. But, as his biographer shrewdly observes, "the only circumstances by which he was convicted of lunacy in the popular opinion were those which might have in former ages convicted many persons of higher distinction. These were extraordinary attempts to do good in ways not generally adopted by mankind." Mr. CRUDEN styled himself "ALEXANDER the Corrector," and he acted as a vagabond and peripatetic censor *morum*. He went about the streets of London denouncing and redressing all abuses, and gave out that he had a special commission to reform the manners of his age, "confident that an unprotected individual might succeed, where laws and societies, strengthened by every possible authority, have failed." Among other peculiarities which he had was that of taking his walks abroad armed with a large sponge, with which he

effaced all chalkings and inscriptions on the walls offensive to good morals. This employment, his biographer observes, must have rendered his walks through the city very tedious. His work in life—and who shall say that it was not a most creditable one?—was to get all ranks to mend their ways, and the eighteenth-century ways of London were certainly capable of amendment. His contemporaries, and we may say the same of those who have looked at his biography, hardly knew what to make, still less what to say, of him. A fanatic in benevolence and reforms ought to be an object of universal respect and admiration; but somehow, though the world owns that such a man is not a useless, yet it cannot but feel that he is a ridiculous, being. It requires the genius of a CERVANTES to draw a knight-errant whom we must respect while we are asked to laugh at him; and in DON QUIXOTE, the most refined and elegant conception of fiction, the gentleman, the Christian, the sage, and the moralist prevent us from despising the enthusiast. The Marquis TOWNSHEND is certainly neither a DON QUIXOTE nor an ALEXANDER the Corrector, but it is worth a moment's thought to consider why, in the popular estimation, he should be so thoroughly ridiculous, and why, with the very best intentions, he should do more harm than good to a respectable cause. To own the truth, there is hardly one of his proposed reforms, and scarcely an instance of his unfortunate personal interferences with the breaches of minor social morals, which may not be defended. The end he seeks is the end which others have sought. The only difference, Lord TOWNSHEND would say, between him and such as ourselves and some of our contemporaries is, that while we are writing and protesting and appealing, he is up and doing. While we complain of sturdy beggars, he stalks about London, collars them, and drags them to the police office. Whilst we write essays, plaintive, indignant, or elegant, as the case may be, about baby-farming, he avails himself of his position as a peer, and brings in a Bill to prevent this sort of infanticide. It cannot be denied that Lord TOWNSHEND has the best of the situation. We are always screaming and groaning about the abominations of Anatomical Museums, and the defects of the Metropolitan Police Act. It is something much more to the purpose when the noble Marquis tables his Bill for suppressing this particular nuisance, and for increasing the number of offences recognisable and punishable at the police courts. And yet unextinguishable laughter from the public, and a serene and stately contempt from the House of Lords, is all that the great Corrector of the age gets for his pains in elaborating the eleven Bills which he has lately brought into Parliament. Even the roughs and gamins, the extirpation or confinement of whom is the noble lord's special vocation, seem to treat him with a superb indifference, and—so we hear from the *Record*, and we have no reason to doubt the *Record's* familiarity with the literature of the slums—only write street ballads about their tormentor, and sing to some of FALSTAFF's filthy tunes the chorus of "The Marquis of TOWNSHEND won't let us alone."

Lord TOWNSHEND's ideal of legislation, we should think, ought to commend itself to Mr. CARLYLE. The Marquis is much of the hero and prophet, and has no notion of justice going about with eyes bandaged, and twiddling and dawdling with scales and balance, but would have her keep her eyes open, and pounce down on all offenders with sharp and summary vengeance. He can't understand the nonsense talked and practised about the liberty of the subject. His legislation is decisive, terse, and summary. Most of his proposed Acts consist but of a single clause; but, as the boys say, that is a rattler. Here is a specimen in the Reformatory Schools Amendment Bill, No. 1 of the Laws of the Eleven Tables which he proposes:—"Every girl under the age of sixteen years who in any public place shall be found soliciting prostitution shall be sent to a Reformatory." We leave his lordship and Sir WILLIAM BODKIN to settle the nicely nasty point whether soliciting prostitution must not imply some "overt act," and what that "overt act" is; but we cannot forget that the law already deals with this especial offence, and that Lord TOWNSHEND fails to tell us for how long a schooling he intends to saddle ratepayers with the expenses of the board and education of these interesting young ladies. The same consideration applies to his second measure for improving young scamps off the streets. "Every child apparently under fourteen years, selling any articles, playing music or singing or accompanying any musician, and not being able to produce a certificate of a twelve hours' a week attendance at school, also any child offering goods for sale without a licence, shall be sent to an industrial school or workhouse, there to be maintained at the expense of the Guardians." The notion of licensed vendors of cigar-lights and halfpenny

newspapers and certificated schoolboys and schoolgirls does not, to the good Marquis, suggest anything grotesque or unpractical. What he sees, and with a single eye, is the street Arab; and by offering them board, lodging, and education at the public cost by way of reward for making themselves a public nuisance, he perhaps thinks that he will discourage the supply of young blackguards. But Lord TOWNSHEND's self-imposed duties of Waywarden-in-general of London Streets do not end with their moral purification. With equal and impartial eye his exuberant and minute philanthropy surveys the physical and personal dangers we run in our daily walk. He exclaims with GAY:—

Consider, reader, what fatigues I've known,
The toils, the perils of this wintry town;
What riots seen, what bustling crowds I bore,
How oft I crossed where carts and coaches roar:
Yet shall I bless my labours, if mankind
Their future safety from my dangers find.

Lord TOWNSHEND's daily familiarity with the office of a voluntary policeman has given him the amplest familiarity with the dangers and distresses of our London *Trivia*. He has seen our horses lamed with the granite lumps dear to the St. James's Vestry, and he will make steam-rollers compulsory. He proposes to prohibit, under penalty of a forty-shillings fine, the throwing, laying, placing, or dropping any fruit peel, or other vegetable production, on any footway—a summary and extensive enactment, which would fine us for dropping not only orange-peel, but cigar-ends, and faded flowers, apple-pips, nutshells, and the date-stones which so offended the jin in the *Arabian Nights*. He has reckoned how many London Christians are annually murdered by waggoners and cab-drivers. He asks Parliament to restrict the pace of all vehicles to six miles an hour, and visits with condign and summary justice the omission of the mystic sign of tipping the whip to all following drivers; and in one *variorum* Bill he legislates against the exhibition of pictures of disease, anatomical museums, servant maids cleaning windows (herein following the late Sir CHARLES BURRELL), also against all and several the abominations of flower-pots in windows and of barrel-organ players, all street singers, all those ingenious artists who chalk pictures of mackerel and soup-plates on the pavement—though had such a severe law been enacted in the thirteenth century it would have checked in the bud the natural genius of GIOTTO, and his pastoral drawings on the smooth rock—all unlicensed crossing-sweepers, all unlicensed stall-keepers, all unlicensed soup-kitchens, all persons keeping what Mr. MANTALINI calls a demmed unpleasant corpse in a living room for more than forty-eight hours, and all hackney coachmen who carry persons suffering from infectious diseases.

Yes, no doubt all these things are nuisances. But let us for a moment speculate upon London swept and garnished and cleansed from all that offends eye, nose, and ear, from female perils of life and limb, with all our ways mended, and all our carriages creeping gaily along at six miles an hour. Happy AUGUSTA! law-defended town! Yes, very nice; but such is the perversity of human nature that the very prospect of being relieved from our ancient tale of wrongs and sufferings and grievances suggests that we should be very dull without them. First, we should have cut off for ever the perennial flow of gabble and grumble which inspires grievance-mongers to write to the *Times*. *Solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant*. No more jolly, insolent choruses of the shameless impostors who brandish their carrots, and complain of no work to do. No more whining from the picturesque gentility of shabby mendicancy; no street Arabs; no flower-girls to ply those callings which occasionally distress even suburban rectors; no street cries, no street chaff; nothing left to provoke our subdued curses but the women's trains and the perambulators, which, with a strange obduracy to human suffering in the streets, the good Lord TOWNSHEND does not feel to be a grievance. Somehow we should miss with regret our inveterate sorrows; we should look back with something like fond regret to those jolly insolent ruffians and impostors who teased us so long. Facing such a prospect of unpicturesque and unexciting monotony, such a dull dead flat as the London drilled, starched, and ironed by the TOWNSHEND Acts would present, we begin to suspect that we should look back with ungrateful regret to the picturesque and stimulating nuisances which we had lost. A city without its public nuisances may be, and of course is, very right and proper; but a whole population with nothing of public wrong to grumble at would in self-defence turn its ill-temper inwards, and with everything serene, decent, and orderly in the streets we must, from the necessities of human nature, relieve ourselves by making our homes very unpleasant. The total extirpation of public and social wrongs would encourage the cultivation of private and

domestic wrongs. Which reminds us that the Marquis does not confine his energies to public nuisances. His administration is strictly paternal and domestic, and ranges over life indoors as well as out of doors, and his officiousness is as active in the nursery and the schoolroom as in the streets. Not content with prohibiting the schoolmaster from using taws or cane, he would, under a five pounds penalty, make it unlawful "for any person to inflict any corporal punishment on scholars for inattention to, or inaccuracy in, their studies"; and under the same penalty he would prohibit "any person from striking any child or young person under the age of sixteen years upon the head or face." Now as this admirable and amiable clause would punish with the aforesaid fine—or, in default of payment, with two months' imprisonment—every little JACKY who in the nursery smacks his sister's face, and would also stop all playground fights, as well as deprive parents of the duty of boxing a mischievous or saucy brat's ears, we can only say that we hope Lord TOWNSHEND has tried, or will try, this pretty system in his own family. Or rather, as we suspect, Lord TOWNSHEND wants to enforce upon us all that domestic education of which he is himself so fine a result. It is quite certain that, if boxing the ears and good sound corporal punishment had been practised in the TOWNSHEND family, we should not have had the present Marquis such as he is. A few good smacks on the mouth in youth would have made another man of him; as it is, we see that he does not prohibit boxing the ears in mature age. And the very significant reception which these eleven Bills are meeting in the House of Lords shows that the Peers are not yet sufficiently trained in gentle ways to see that to administer at least a moral slap on the face to one of their own body may not have its value in repressing the exuberant zeal of a legislator addicted to meddlesomeness, or what the Greek grammar used to call polypragmosynousness.

THE COUNCIL OF TRENT AND THE COUNCIL OF THE VATICAN.

THE Council of Trent, while it effected some moral reforms, introduced, or rather stereotyped, a new era of Ultramontane exclusiveness in the Church. For the previous two centuries the cry for a searching reformation had waxed louder and louder, and especially since the manœuvring of the Roman Court had frustrated the endeavours of the Council of Basle to satisfy it. Germany had all along been foremost in urging the demand for a free representative Council. And when, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, an age of yet deeper profligacy was startled by the trumpet-tongued challenge of a professed heretic and schismatic, who united the call to holiness with scathing denunciations of what was at once the centre of corruption and the central See of Christendom, even Rome could no longer affect to ignore the crisis. But she still adhered to her traditional policy of evasion, and dallied till the remedy came too late. Between 1530 and 1540 a *bona fide* Synod, not dominated by Papal legates, and fairly representing all the national Churches of Europe, might have availed to stem the tide, and secure reformation without precipitating a schism. When at length, in 1545, Paul III. reluctantly assented to the assembling of a Council at Trent, it was transferred after a few months, on the idlest pretexts, to the Papal city of Bologna, and soon afterwards separated for sixteen years. When it reassembled at Trent, in 1562, Protestantism had already made its position, and received the allegiance of half Europe. The Council met, not to satisfy or even seriously to consider the complaints of the reforming party, but to draw the reins yet tighter on the necks of those who could still be coerced into submission. "The Germans," to use the words of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, "might have applied to their own treatment what, on a later occasion, the French diplomatists said to the Dutch, *Nous traiterons chez vous, sur vous et sans vous*." It had been foreseen at Rome that the German bishops, as a body, would be unable to attend, and a Brief of Paul III. provided, in defiance of all former precedents, that their proctors should have no votes. At the earlier sessions of this Council, sitting in Germany and claiming to be Ecumenical, there was present not a single German bishop, and only one proctor, who had no vote; in the later sessions, one voting bishop and five proctors without votes. There was a small sprinkling of French and Spanish bishops, and two hundred Italian bishops, who of course were practically supreme. Moreover, votes were taken, not by nations, as at Constance, but individually; and it was ruled, again in defiance of precedent, that the Papal legates should have the exclusive right of deciding what questions should be brought forward. Under these circumstances we cannot wonder at what ensued. The German ambassadors of Ferdinand had demanded reform in the *Curia*, the restoration of the chalice, the marriage of priests, the revision of the breviary—which is full of exploded fables—the use of the vernacular in public services, and the reform of convents. All these demands were seconded by the Cardinal of Lorraine and the French bishops, who also insisted on the superiority of Councils to Popes, and wanted the decrees of Constance and Basle in that sense to be con-

firmed. Every one of these demands was either evaded or refused. "For the first time," to quote the words of Ranke, "the Catholic Church owned the circumscription of its dominion. It (virtually) gave up all claim upon the East, and repudiated the Protestant half of Europe with countless anathemas."

Instinctive distrust of the Teutonic peoples had long, indeed, and increasingly shaped the policy of Rome, and had become matter of public observation. Spanish jurists, like Antonio Gomez, supposed it was *ne secreta Ecclesie Imperatori revelentur*. Hardly any Germans received the red hat, and none except Cusa and Schomberg were allowed any share in the Pontifical government. For the three centuries during which the Congregation of the Index has existed, though it has condemned German books by wholesale, only two Germans, and those monks in Roman convents, have ever sat upon it. Nay, more, it seems that the inequalities of earth are expected to be reproduced in Heaven. For six centuries, among multitudes of Italian, French, Spanish, and South American saints, only two Germans have been canonized—Bishop Benno, who was recommended by his extreme Ultramontanism, and Canisius, whose membership of the Jesuit Order condoned the stain of his birth. And who, asks the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, will dare to raise a warning voice at the Council now proclaimed, at least two-thirds of which will consist of Romanizers, on behalf of the twenty-five million German Catholics? Who will tell the assembled Fathers plainly that the Germans are no longer the much-enduring people who bore the yoke so patiently till at last, in 1517, it broke the camel's back; that the Catholics of Germany, who are closely intermingled with Protestants, who are versed in Protestant literature and enjoy freedom of the press, cannot for very shame accept the tenet of Papal infallibility "which throws contempt on Scripture, the ancient Church, history, and human reason"? Who will caution them against the fond illusion that a handful of Jesuits and their pupils, whose foreign education has denationalized all their feelings, are trustworthy interpreters of the national mind? and who will remind them that if a system of sheer terrorism compels German theologians for the moment to bend their backs under the Caudine yoke of a newly coined article of faith, it will never command their belief? To the last they will continue German in all their feelings and thoughts, and will say "*E pur si muove!*" this Papal infallibility is an idle dream." When Leo X. had made his Synod of Italian prelates, pompously styled the Fifth of Lateran, decree the supremacy of the Pope over Councils, kings, and nations, thus reversing the decrees of Constance and Basle, he and his courtiers imagined that the Papacy had attained its zenith and that the world would be at its feet. A few months later a German professor posted his theses on the door of a church at Wittenberg; ten years later Rome was sacked by a German army; forty years later half Europe had finally revolted from her spiritual sway. This time no such outward convulsions are likely to follow an Ultramontane triumph. "There will be a great calm," as Dr. Manning says, and the Jesuits and their allies will sing Hosannah. The world will leave them to their Pyrrhic victory—and its results. From the Council of Trent onwards their policy has been one of repression and terrorism. The Inquisition and the Index have done their work, as Dr. Dollinger pointed out some years ago, in destroying not only all intellectual, but all theological, energy in the countries where they have had free course. No man can write what is worth reading under a censorship; "beneath its iron heel no grass can grow." Theology shrank into the dry husks of scholasticism and casuistry, biblical studies disappeared, history became perilous ground, and the very name of criticism excited suspicion and hatred. The learned Antonio Palearia was burnt at Rome, in 1570, for his critical tastes simply. Belgium and its University of Louvain was under Spanish control; in Austria, Bavaria, and the Ecclesiastical Principalities of Germany, the Jesuits were all-powerful and monopolized education; the rest of Northern Europe was Protestant, except France, which remained for awhile the one refuge of theological study, and of the ancient doctrine of the Church. In Spain or Italy any reference to the famous canon of Constance, or any denial of Papal infallibility, was visited with imprisonment and death. No one could safely meddle with theology who was not a member or a *protégé* of one of the great religious Orders, and these are governed by a General resident at Rome. No priest who breathed a whisper against the prevalent system could call his character or position worth a week's purchase, and no layman could impugn it who valued his head in lands where the Holy Office bore sway. And the dead silence produced by this reign of terror was named in solemn mockery "the consent of the Catholic Church," while all dissent was branded as Gallican heresy. They make a solitude and call it peace. Indeed, but for France and the Gallican Liberties, which modern Ultramontanes term "the Gallican servitudes," all historical or theological literature would have expired.

We have examined elsewhere the religious condition of the French Church since the Revolution, which is very different from what it was before. In the rest of Catholic Europe, with the exception of parts of Germany, much the same system of spiritual tyranny still prevails, though shorn, for the most part, of its secular terrors. No Roman Catholic priest of ordinary discretion would venture to profess Gallican opinions in England, and the recent treatment of Mr. Foulkes and Mr. Renouf shows what any Roman Catholic writer has to expect who dares to run out of the prescribed groove, though within the strict limits of Tridentine orthodoxy. It is not, therefore, without some reason that the Ultramontane whips reckon on securing an easy majority at the

approaching Council. The *Civiltà* already indulges in a strain of exulting prophecy. The *Univers* and *Monde* have done their work in France, and most of the bishops are well primed to take the right side; the minority, it is hoped, will be overborne. No open opposition is expected from other quarters. "The English bishops will follow Manning; the Irish, Cullen—both nominees of Rome, and thoroughgoing Romanizers; the Belgians will swim with the stream; the elder German bishops will stay at home, the younger ones who have been trained by the Jesuits will come to a man; of the two hundred Italian prelates may be said what the Archbishop of Rouen said of his clergy, 'We give the word of command, and they march like a troop of soldiers'; the same applies to the Spanish and South American bishops, who have been indoctrinated in this article of Papal infallibility from their childhood." And it must be remembered further that the Ultramontane party is everywhere far better organized than its opponents, just as the Tories with ourselves are always better organized than the Liberals. We can hardly wonder if the *Civiltà* already raises its shout of insolent triumph, in anticipation of seeing the coping stone speedily placed on the edifice of Papal absolutism. For three centuries, by fair means and foul, by the combined machinery of the pulpit, the press, the lecture-room, and the confessional, by force where force was available, and by chicanery where it was not, the Jesuits have striven to enforce their darling doctrine, for the infallibility of the Pope practically means their own. There is always "the black Pope" standing at the elbow of the white. If they succeed, they will have accomplished, in that silence which they misconstrue into consent, the most momentous revolution in the whole history of the Church.

We may sum up the significance of the change in words condensed from the *Allgemeine Zeitung*:—"According to this theory Christ has made the reigning Pope the one vehicle of inspiration and exclusive organ of Divine truth. Without him the Church is a body without a soul; during a Papal interregnum she is deprived of sight and speech. Yet, strange to say, this fundamental verity was never even heard of in the Church for thirteen centuries. No creed, no catechism, no doctrinal instructions of the Fathers contains a word of the Pope, or a hint that on him depends all certainty of belief. Not a single doctrinal question for a thousand years was settled by Papal decree, but either by Synod or by the general rejection of a new doctrine by the whole Church. Three Councils have anathematized a dead Pope for heresy, and a long line of his successors has accepted and sworn to their anathemas. In the beginning of the sixth century, the principle that 'the first See is judged of no man,' was first introduced, on the strength of a tissue of forgeries in the Western Church; and it was gradually inferred that, as he cannot be judged, he cannot fall into heresy. In the ninth century the Isidorian Decretals came in to aid the movement, and Gratian's *Decretum* embodied them. Thomas Aquinas, who was himself taken in, wrote in defence of the new system of Papal autocracy. The General Councils of Constance and Basle—the very names of which the Jesuits are striving to blot out of the memory of men—emphatically condemned it, and all the German and French, and nearly all the Spanish, theologians were on their side. Only the so-called Fifth Lateran Council, a mere assemblage of Italian prelates collected by Leo X. in 1517, reversed their decision and affirmed the superiority of the Pope to Councils. Finally, with the outbreak of the Protestant Reformation came the assertion of Papal infallibility, and the Cardinals Cajetan and Jacobazzi, who laboured to propagate the notion, were the most effective auxiliaries of Luther. From that day to this, the Order which arose in Spain, the chosen home of the Inquisition, has made the promotion of this dogma its grand mission. They failed in the attempt to get it defined at Trent, but they look to see their efforts crowned in the Council of the Vatican."

FINE FEELINGS.

THERE are people who pride themselves on the possession of what it pleases them to call fine feelings. Perhaps, if we were all diligent to call spades spades, these same fine feelings would come under a less euphemistic heading; but, as things are, we may as well adopt the softening gloze that is spread over the whole of our language, and call them by a pretty name with the rest. People who possess fine feelings are chiefly remarkable for the ease with which they take offence; it being indeed impossible, even for the most wary of their associates, to avoid giving umbrage in some shape, and generally when least intending it and most innocently minded. Nothing satisfies them. No amount of attention, short of absolute devotion and giving them the place of honour everywhere, sets them at ease with themselves or keeps them in good-humour. If you ask them to your house, you must not dream of mixing them up with the rest. Though you have done them an honour in asking them at all, you must give them a marked position, and bear them on your hands for the evening. They must be singled out from the herd and specially attended to, introduced to the nicest people, made a fuss with and taken care of, else they are offended, and feel they have been slighted; their sensitiveness or fine feelings being a kind of Chat Moss which will swallow up any quantity of *petits sons* that may be thrown in, and yet never be filled. If they are your intimate friends, you have to ask them on every occasion on which you receive. They make it a grievance if they hear that you have had even a dinner-party without inviting them, though your space is limited and you

had them at your last gathering. Still, if it comes to their ears that you have had friends and did not include them, they will come down upon you to a dead certainty if they are of the franker kind, and ask you seriously, perhaps pathetically, how they have offended you? If they are of the sullen sort they will meet you coldly, or pass you by without seeing you; and will either drift into a permanent estrangement or come round after a time, according to the degree of acidity in their blood and the amount of tenacity in their character. They have lost their friends many times for no worse offence than this.

They are as punctilious, too, as they are exacting. They demand visit for visit, invitation for invitation, letter for letter. Though you may be overwhelmed with serious work, while they have no weightier burden strapped to their shoulders than their social duties and social fineries, yet you must render point for point with them, keeping an exact tally, with not a notch too many on their side, if you want to retain their acquaintance at all. And they must be always invited specially and individually even to your open days; else they will not come at all, and their fine feelings will be hurt. They suffer no liberties to be taken with them, and they take none with others; counting all frock-coat friendliness as taking liberties, and holding themselves refined and you coarse if you think that manners *sans façons* are pleasanter than those which put themselves eternally in stays and stiff buckram, and are never in more undress than a Court suit. They will not go into your house to wait for you, however intimate they may be; and they would resent it as an intrusion, perhaps an impertinence, if you went into theirs in their absence. If you are at luncheon when they call, they stiffly leave their cards and turn away; though you have the heartiest, jolliest manner of housekeeping going, and keep a kind of open house for luncheon casuals. They do not understand heartiness or a jolly manner of housekeeping; open houses are not in their line, and they will not be luncheon casuals; so they turn away grimly, and if you want to see them you have to send your servant panting down the street after them; when, their dignity being satisfied, their sensitiveness smoothed down, and their fine feelings reassured, they will graciously turn back and do what they might have done at first.

When people who possess fine feelings are poor, their sensitiveness is indeed a cross both for themselves and their friends to bear. If you try to show them a kindness or do them a service, they fly out at you for patronizing them, and say you humiliate them by treating them as paupers. You may do to your rich acquaintances a hundred things which you dare not attempt with your poor friends cursed with fine feelings; and little offices of kindness, which pass as current coin through society, are construed into insults with them. Difficult to deal with in every phase, they are in none more dangerous to meddle with than when poor. They are as bad if they have become successful after a period of struggle. Then your attention to them is time-serving, bowing to the rising sun, worshipping the golden calf, &c. Else why did you not seek them out when they were poor? Why were you not cap in hand when they went bare-headed? Why have you waited until they were successful before you recognised their value? It is funny to hear how bitter these sensitive folks are when they have come out into the sunlight of success after the dark passage of poverty, as if it had been possible to dig them out of their obscurity when their name was still to make—as if the world could recognise its prophets before they had spoken. But this recognition after success is a very delicate point with people of fine feelings, supposing always the previous struggle to have been hard; and even if there has been no struggle to speak of, then there are doubts and misgivings as to whether they are liked for themselves or not, and morbid speculations on the stability and absolute value of the position they hold and the attentions they receive, and endless surmises of what would be the result if they lost their fame or wealth or political power or social standing—or whatever may be the hook on which their success hangs, and their fine feelings are impaled. The act of wisdom most impossible to be performed by these self-torturers is the philosophic acceptance of life as it is and of things as they fall naturally to their share.

Women remarkable for fine feelings are also remarkable for that uneasy distrust, that insatiable craving, which continually requires reassuring and allaying. As wives or lovers they never take a man's love, once expressed and loyally acted on, as a certainty, unless constantly repeated; hence they are always pouting or bemoaning their loveless condition, getting up pathetic scenes of tender accusation or sorrowful acceptance of coolness and desertion, which at the first may have a certain charm to a man as flattering to his vanity, but which pall on him after a short time, and end by annoying and alienating him; thus bringing about the very catastrophe which they began by deprecating before it existed. Another characteristic with women of fine feelings is their inability to bear the gentlest remonstrance, the most shadowy fault-finding. A rebuke of any gravity throws them into hysterics on the spot; but even a request to do what they have not been in the habit of doing, or to abstain from doing that which they have used themselves to do, is more than they can endure with dry-eyed equanimity. You have to live with them in the fool's paradise of perfectness, or you are made to feel yourself an unmitigated brute. You have before you the two alternatives of suffering many things that are disagreeable and that might be easily remedied, or of having your wife sobbing in her own room, or going about the house with red eyes and an expression of exasperating patience under ill-treatment, far

worse to bear than the most passionate retaliation. Indeed, women may be divided broadly into those who cry, and those who retort, when they are found fault with; which, with a side section of those wooden women who "don't care," leaves a very small percentage indeed of those who can accept a rebuke good-temperedly, and simply try to amend a failing or break off an unpleasant habit, without parade of submission and sweet Griseldadom unjustly chastised, but kissing the rod with a ravating meekness. For there are women who can make their meekness a more potent weapon of offence than any passion or violence could give. They do not cry, neither do they complain, but they exaggerate their submission till you are driven half mad under the slow torture they inflict. They look at you so humbly; they speak to you in so subdued a voice, when they speak to you at all, which is rarely, and never unless first addressed; they avoid you so pointedly, hurrying away if you are going to meet them about the house, on the pretext of being hateful to your sight and doing you a service by ridding you of their presence; they are so ostentatiously careful that the thing of which you mildly complained under some circumstances shall never happen again under any circumstances, that you are forced at last out of your entrenchments, and obliged to come to an explanation. You ask them what is amiss, or what do they mean by their absurd conduct; and they answer you "Nothing," with an injured air, or an affected surprise at your query. What have they done that you should speak to them so harshly? they are sure they have done all they could to please you, and they do not know what right you have to be vexed with them again. They have kept out of your way, and not said a word to annoy you; they have only tried to obey you, and to do as you ordered, and yet you are not satisfied! What can they do to please you? and why is it that they never can please you, whatever they do? You get no nearer your end by this kind of thing; and the only way to bring your Griselda to reason is by having a row; when she will cry bitterly, but finally end by kissing and making up. You have to go through the process. Nothing else, save a sudden disaster or an unexpected pleasure of large dimensions, will save you from it; but as we cannot always command cataclysms or godsend, and as the first are dangerous and the last costly, the short and easy method remaining is to have a decisive "understanding," which means a scene and a domestic tempest, with smooth sailing till the next time.

Sometimes the fine feelings are hurt by no greater barbarity than that which is contained in a joke. Women with fine feelings are seldom able to take a joke; and you will hear them relating, with an injured accent and as a serious accusation, the merest bit of nonsense you flung off at random, with no more intention of wounding them than had the merchant the intention of putting out the Efreets eye when he flung his date-stones in the desert. As you cannot deny what you have said, they have the whip-hand of you for the moment; and all you can hope for is that the friend to whom they detail their grievance will see through them and it, and understand the joke if they cannot. Then there are fine feelings which express themselves in exceeding irritation at moral and intellectual differences of opinion—fine feelings bound up in questions of faith and soundness of doctrine, having taken certain moral and theological views under their especial patronage, and holding all diversity of judgment therefrom a personal offence. The people thus afflicted are exceedingly uncomfortable folks to deal with; and manage to make every one else uncomfortable too. You hurt their feelings so continually, and so unconsciously, that you might as well be living in a region of steel-traps and spring-guns, and set to walk blindfold among pitfalls and water-holes. You fling your date-stone here too, quite carelessly and thinking no evil, and up starts the Efreets who swears you have injured him intentionally; you express an opinion without attaching any particular importance to it, but you hurt the fine feelings which oppose it, and unless you wish to have a quarrel you must retract or apologize. As the worst temper always carries the day, and as fine feelings are only bad tempers under another name, you very probably do apologize; and so the matter ends. Other people show their fineness of feeling by their impatience of pain, and the tremendous grievance they think it that they should suffer as others—they say, so much more than others. These are the people who are great on the theory of nervous differences, and who maintain that their cowardice and impatience of pain means an organization like an Æolian harp for sensibility. The oddest part of the business is the sublime contempt these sensitives have for other persons' patience and endurance, and how much more refined and touching they think their own puerile sensibility. But this is a characteristic of humanity all through; the masquerading of evil under the name of good being one of the saddest facts of an imperfect nature and a confused system of morals. If all things showed their faces without disguise, and if spades were always called spades and not softened down to agricultural implements, we should have fine feelings placed in a different category from that in which they stand at this moment, and the world would be the richer by just so much addition of truth.

THE THREE SOUTHERN PENINSULAS.

IN reading the other day the famous speech of Señor Castelar before the Cortes—the speech in which he declared of Spain, "We are the nation who wear the sea as an emerald in

our sandals, and the sun as a diamond in our crown"—several reflections occurred to us. The first was, how great an orator Señor Castelar was; how inspired with devotion to his cause, how splendid in the imagery through which he communicated his inspiration to the minds of his hearers; how few members of the British Parliament, at the very height of their eloquence, would have dared to say of England what he said of Spain, although it perhaps might more truly be said of England than of Spain. The second was, how wonderful a phenomenon was that democracy of which Señor Castelar had constituted himself the prophet; what a secret, blind, all-pervading force—it is a force without local habitation or name, dwelling in no nation specially, speaking no certain tongue, not bringing itself before the world by any definite proposals, or even by any definite wishes; but yet none the less certainly existent, none the less fatal to those who neglect or overlook it. Thirdly, it occurred to us what a pity it would be if a nation like Spain, animated with so intense a desire to become great, should not really become great. But lastly, we remembered an anecdote told to us by a traveller in Spain, which ran as follows:—On a certain line of railway in Spain, there was a bridge that was reckoned unsafe; and therefore it was ordered by the authorities which preside over railways that, until it could be made secure, no passenger train should pass over it without first setting down its passengers; the train and passengers would then proceed over the bridge separately, and the passengers be taken up on the other side. This arrangement continued for some considerable time, until the bridge was pretty well repaired; and all that was now needed was the direct official permission for trains to run over it in their ordinary manner. This, however, from the dilatory habits of Spanish officials, was long in coming. At last an engine-driver of more than ordinary courage thought he might as well take the bull by the horns, and run over the bridge without stopping—trusting that the official eye, which had slumbered so long, might slumber just so little longer as to be incognisant of his audacious act. Vain man! When he arrived at the next station, he found that the news of his exploit had preceded or accompanied him; and the officials, who had been so long incurious of the sufferings of passengers compelled in all weathers, in the hottest sun or the most pouring rain, to dismount and trudge over the bridge (not to speak of the inconvenience of the delay), were now all alive and filled with wrath at the contempt shown to their prerogative. The luckless passengers were forbidden to get out of their carriages; the train was driven backwards until it arrived again at the bridge, and (with the passengers still in it) was carried backwards over the bridge; then, to fulfil the requirements of law, the passengers were compelled to get out, train and passengers crossed over the bridge separately, the passengers got in again, and the train went on as if nothing had happened. Then was the official deity appeased for the contempt that had been shown to him.

This story has always appeared to us the *ne plus ultra* of officialism; glowing with the very reddest of red tape; a model of pedantry, a type of the action of a martinet. And though, doubtless, an exceptional instance, we believe it not to be a solitary one in Spain. Concurrently with the above, our traveller gave us some advice, of which the following was the purport:—"If," he said, "you should ever be travelling in Spain, and should be so unfortunate as to have been plundered by brigands, be sure to take very particular care that no hint of your loss ever reaches the ears of any magistrate or judge. Spanish justice is so stern towards the criminal that, for fear of losing a chance of evidence against him, they will keep you, the complainant, in prison till the brigand who has robbed you turns up." This, he added, had very nearly happened to himself; but luckily the brigand had been caught immediately after he had laid his complaint for the robbery, and our friend had been able to prove his case by identifying the man from among some ten or twelve others with whom he had been placed. Now, after reading the exalted language of the Republican deputy which we quoted at starting, the remembrance of these stories did, we must confess, afflict us with a certain sense of bathos and incongruity. Nor could we entirely dispel the feeling by considering the answer which, it is very conceivable, might be made by an enthusiastic Spaniard. "Such things were very natural under the Bourbon rule; but now we have changed all that; we do not need you to preach to us, whether your sermon be against the supposed licence of a democracy, or against pedantry and routine." Or, to quote Señor Castelar himself:—"We," i.e. the Cortes, "have sufficient energy to make the people understand their duties as well as their rights, and so we do not need any master to guard us, for the noble Spanish nation knows well how to take care of itself." Far is it from our intention to sneer at words like these, full as they are of courage and of confident hope. "The noble Spanish nation knows well how to take care of itself"; this, indeed, is the goal which every noble nation must set before its eyes—that it should not be cared for from without, and take passively good or evil as Providence may send them, but that it should act of itself from within, and that all its parts and all its members should cooperate as strongly as possible for the best result. Only, we must observe, no single person, Bourbon or other, can prevent a nation from attaining this end, if it has in itself the energy to accomplish it. The main cause of the evils which have hitherto afflicted Spain must be sought for in the disposition of the Spaniards themselves. And this disposition will not be suddenly changed by the expulsion of Queen Isabella, though that expulsion may have been an indispensable first step to a new and more prosperous career. For

such a career, it may be that a Republic will prove more advantageous to Spain than a monarchy; but the difference is not such as Señor Castelar and his fellow-Republicans suppose; the centre of the question for the Spaniards lies in a different direction from this.

The Spaniard, the Italian, and the Greek have alike behind them, in the past ages of the world, a great and splendid history. It is impossible that this should ever be forgotten by the natives of those countries; the contrast of their present lower position tends to bring it even more prominently before their minds; and hence it is extraordinarily difficult for them to devote themselves to such measures as may bring them a sober ordinary prosperity of the kind that is amply sufficient for a native of Holland or Belgium. They have no strenuous employment in the present which might serve to turn their eyes away from the glare of their ancient glory. Hence comes that enthusiasm of patriotism which, when exhibited by such men as Garibaldi or Señor Castelar, excites no small sympathy and interest throughout the whole of Europe. Hence, too, come many single striking actions, brave, daring, and picturesque. But hence, also, come the failures of these nations; the impracticable nature of their designs, their loose and inaccurate grasp over particulars, their want of rigid attention to the matters which they have taken in hand. And that vexatious officialism of the Spaniard of which we have given instances is to be attributed to a like source. It is the officialism, not of stupidity, but of pride—that pride which will not endure that anybody should even appear to contravene its most technical and arbitrary commands. It is the officialism which measures the value of details, not by their utility, but by the fact that itself has issued them.

It is, then, a most inadequate analysis which would attribute the more or less unprosperous state of all the three southern peninsulas of Europe (not that we would dream of reducing Italy in this respect to the level of Greece) to mere bad government. The disease lies much deeper than this. It is the disease of inordinate ambition; the desire to leap suddenly into a place which has been occupied in bygone years, but from which there has been a gradual descent, and which can only again be reached by persevering efforts carried on, not for any ambitious end, but simply for the attainment of a solid and general well-being. The remedy for the disease is, in fact, a certain common sense; a common sense which does not exclude patriotism, nor regard it as a small thing that one's native country should be honoured among other nations; but which still places the reality above the opinion which others hold of the reality, and thinks that it ought to be the first effort of a country to be happy and well-ordered in itself. Looking at the matter from this point of view, is it not evident that the importance which the Italians attach to the acquirement of Rome, the importance which the Spaniards attach to the acquirement of Gibraltar, the importance which the Greeks attach to the liberation of Crete, is in each case enormously excessive, when compared with the importance which they respectively attach to the development of their internal welfare? We are not asking whether any or all of these objects may or may not be reasonably accounted desirable; and there is certainly one of them which very few Englishmen will regard as even a matter for serious discussion. But this is not our immediate point. We are not saying that the Italians ought not to wish to possess Rome, or that the Spaniards ought not to wish to possess Gibraltar, or that the Greeks ought not to wish Crete to be freed from the Ottoman dominion. What we do say is that these are at any rate—even from the point of view of any rational Italian, Spanish, or Greek patriot—not their chief and most pressing necessities; they have comparatively little influence on the real state of any of these countries; they touch their solid interests hardly at all; they do not even materially affect the esteem in which they are held by other nations; they are principally matters of self-esteem and self-gratulation.

It results from what we have said, that the chief endeavours of the Italians, the Spaniards, or the Greeks, ought for the present to be not political, but social. Most of all is this true of the Italians and of the Greeks; for these nations are in little danger from without, unless they invite danger by extraordinary weakness from within, while their internal political condition is as good as their present social state will allow. Spain, certainly, has at present a political problem before her which it is necessary for her to solve. The solution of it is not all-important, as we have endeavoured to show; but it would be absurd to deny that it may considerably affect the future prosperity of Spain. When, however, the problem is solved, then it may be trusted that Europe may hear less of the politics of Spain, and that Spaniards themselves may attribute to political action a value more nearly approaching that which really belongs to it. It is the mark of a strong nation not to pay exclusive attention to those who are engaged in the political government of a country, but rather to honour all forms of social action—manufacture, trade, commerce, literature, science. It is the mark of a weak nation when the eyes of all are fixed on the Government; when this is regarded as the sphere of all honourable action, the source of every advancement, the lever by which every beneficial change in the country is to be produced. There are, indeed, nations in which the political action of the Government is so distinctively disastrous, so far below what the social condition of the people would allow, that it compels attention to itself by its very badness. But there is no European country, unless it be France, of which this could with any plausibility be asserted at the present day.

And, except in France, it can hardly be doubted that the efforts of thinkers at the present day ought rather to be in the direction of averting men's minds from the rough expedients of politics, and pointing them to the sphere of social action, in which greater accuracy and more certain good is attainable.

PAUPERISM.

THE English people has, in its wisdom, decided that nobody is to be allowed to starve in the streets. In case the official administrators of relief should be guilty of any shortcomings—for even Poor-law Guardians are human—it seconds their efforts by a vast outpouring of private charity. The result of these admirable intentions is that a million of the population is in a state of permanent pauperism, and that another and still larger fraction is only one or two removes above it. The fact is certainly distressing, even though familiarity tends to harden us to the contemplation of so much misery. Parliament can hardly be better employed than in investigating the causes of the startling disproportion between the means applied and the results obtained, and in considering proposed improvements upon our system. The evening which was this week devoted to a general discussion of the matter would certainly not have been thrown away if any new light had been cast upon these points. Unfortunately, the debate was one of that rambling and discursive nature which is too often characteristic of such occasions. Everybody had a theory of the causes and cure of pauperism, and was anxious to give his own hobby an airing without much consideration for the previous course of debate. Every hound in the pack opened on a different scent, and followed it with all the energy he possessed. One member had a leaning towards a national poor-rate; another was more inclined to return to the old parochial system; the opener of the debate wished to see subsidies voted to Friendly Societies; other members advocated a stricter economy at all hazards. There was a discussion as to whether schools for pauper children were practicable or desirable; another as to the advantages of the system of medical relief; another as to the right measures to be adopted against vagrancy; another as to the propriety of abolishing charities altogether, or placing them under the management of the Poor Law Board; and another as to the results likely to be obtained by emigration. The thread of controversy was further perplexed by a long dispute as to the statistics of pauperism, which afforded an admirable opportunity for the usual display of skilful manipulation of figures. Whether pauperism had increased absolutely; whether it had increased relatively to the population; whether the number of persons relieved had increased as fast as the expense of relieving them; whether the increase had been steady or interrupted—all these and various similar questions occupied more or less attention. As if that had not been enough, two or three members made bold excursions, in the gaiety of their hearts, into topics more or less remotely connected with the topic of the evening. Mr. Mundella introduced the Game-laws, and Mr. Samuda attacked the principle of limited liability, and suggested that there ought to be a good Bankruptcy law. The one remark which appears to have been perfectly original was contributed by Mr. R. Carter, who asserted that satisfaction was generally felt at the mode in which the Poor-law was administered.

The first result of studying this conflict of opinions is a sense of helpless bewilderment. The topics treated are so numerous, the views taken of them are so contradictory, and the absence of everything like established principles is so painfully conspicuous, that we feel half disposed to abandon the investigation in disgust. It is a very troublesome question, and it would be very pleasant to get rid of it. A summary mode of closing the dispute has accordingly been adopted by some writers. Pauperism, they say, is inevitable; in the modern condition of society, the weakest must go to the wall; there will always be commercial panics, and labourers will be thrown out of employ. The towns must grow with the growth of industry; the agricultural population will be attracted to them, and a certain sediment of pauperism will always be precipitated from the strange mixture of classes. We must make up our minds to an evil which cannot be cured. It is always easy to prove by a few figures that matters are not much worse than they used to be; and if we assume it to be certain that they will never be much better, we can bring our minds to a state of comfortable acquiescence. The only practical remedy is, that the officials concerned should be more active, energetic, and intelligent than they have hitherto been. If impertinent people ask how they are to be made more active and intelligent, we must put them off with commonplaces about the progress of society and the development of civilization. All this is, of course, very easy to say, and to some minds it may be consoling. But, to say the least, it involves a very humiliating confession. We may easily admit that pauperism is not to be extirpated in a year, nor in a generation, but the assumption that it is a fixed quantity which cannot be diminished by statesmanlike remedies is utterly unfounded. The very contrary is the truth. Few important laws are ever passed which do not in some degree affect the condition of the poor; the discussion of Bankruptcy laws and Game laws was rather irrelevant to the immediate purpose, but undoubtedly those laws have an influence, though probably a very subordinate influence, upon the material welfare of the population. Still more distinctly, the difference between a sensible and a foolish Poor-law is the difference between encouraging prudence and putting a direct premium upon reckless-

ness. It is foolish to deny that such agencies produce a considerable effect, and it is immoral to encourage us to shirk our responsibilities. The inference to be drawn from the debate is not that the present state of things is part of an inevitable law of nature, but rather that it is the result of an exceedingly complex set of causes, whose operation requires to be carefully unravelled before we can act with any great confidence in the success of our operations. The evil to be remedied is no less than this, that the lowest classes of the country are in a state of semi-barbarism and total recklessness; and the greatest task which a statesman can undertake is to help them, by means within the proper sphere of legislation, to rise to a higher degree of civilization. The Poor-law difficulty is merely one branch, though a very important branch, of the subject, and the action of the law should be brought into harmony with that of other modes of improving the state of the population. As Mr. Goschen showed, we cannot satisfactorily provide schools for pauper children without affecting the whole system of primary education. In every other direction, the consideration of pauperism leads us into the discussion of all kinds of social reforms. That is a decisive proof of the great importance of the subject, and is an argument, not for letting it alone, but for treating it in an orderly and intelligent fashion.

The one principle which seems to be obvious and generally acknowledged is that no remedy is satisfactory which does not tend to encourage a spirit of independence. Many of the measures proposed and vehemently advocated are indeed condemned by this doctrine which every one acknowledges when stated in the abstract. Thus, for example, it was said that there could be no harm in relieving the sick poor, because no one would voluntarily qualify himself for relief by catching a disease. The argument shows how imperfectly a simple principle is sometimes understood. Undoubtedly no one would catch a fever in order to procure admission to a fever hospital. But if we declare that all patients with fevers shall be taken in and cured at the public expense, we say in so many words that it is worth while for nobody to make provision against a probable contingency. Every sensible man in a certain rank of life takes care that, in case of need, he will be able to pay his doctor's bills and support his family when he is disqualified from labour. If the principle of relieving sick people is to be admitted indiscriminately, it amounts to discouraging all kinds of Friendly Societies. It is a shame, as Mr. Goschen observed, that the first touch of frost drives into the streets a number of idle people, declaring in stentorian tones that they have got no work to do, as though frost in December were a mysterious and totally unprecedented visitation of Providence. But fevers are just as certain as frost, and a man has no more right to count upon constant immunity from them. If everybody were as prudent and self-reliant as he ought to be, relief would be unnecessary except in the case of sudden catastrophes, such as the cotton famine, where it could not be reasonably expected that the calamity would have been foreseen. Unluckily, the problem is a good deal more complicated, and we have to consider whether it is not possible to administer relief in such a way as to raise instead of depressing the existing standard of independence. There are, for example, many poor men who struggle, with a heroism which it is impossible not to respect, against appealing to charity. If they are driven by misfortunes, for which perhaps they are not accountable, into dependence upon other people, we cannot, in common humanity, allow them to starve, and a grudging and stinted liberality very often ends by demoralizing them and adding a few more units to the multitude who are scrambling for charity, to the complete annihilation of their self-respect. In such cases it might be desirable to give help on a liberal scale, and to save a poor man from breaking up his household until the approach of better times. On the other hand, we have the hereditary pauper, whose one object is to avoid honest labour; the lowest point in the scale of possible innocence being marked by the professional vagrant, whence we pass by easy degrees into the habitual criminal. Liberal relief to such persons is simply throwing away money to preserve a class which ought to be got rid of from society. The strictest possible regulations, and the removal of the children from the demoralizing influences of their homes, are the only feasible remedies. We ought to keep the existing generation under the closest regulations, and to bring up the rising generation under more hopeful circumstances. Without pursuing the same distinction further, it is evident that what we require above all things is the distribution of paupers into different classes, and the application of appropriate remedies to each. At present the public falls into one of two alternatives; either it insists upon indiscriminate liberality, and so demoralizes the reckless class, or upon indiscriminate economy, and so degrades those who would really be improved by a sensible expenditure. Meanwhile, any attempt to put things on a better footing is generally defeated by the promiscuous charity which it seems perfectly hopeless to denounce.

The first step, then, to a better order of things is to attempt a better classification of the poor; to deal with each class rigorously according to its merits; and to endeavour in some way to bring charitable institutions into harmony with the legal system of relief. There will always be abundant work for the exercise of individual intelligence by voluntary institutions, but there can be no reason why they should not co-operate with the Poor-law officials. If the Poor-law really possessed that public confidence which one enthusiast has ascribed to it, the attempt to put down the indiscriminate flow of gratuitous charity would be far more promising. We should be only too glad to have some better

guarantee for the judicious application of our funds. The debate of Monday night has exhibited the chaotic state of opinion at present existing; but it is all the more incumbent upon the authorities to lay down a few definite principles which may serve as a nucleus for gradually working out an intelligent system.

MADAME RACHEL'S CASE.

THE English law delights in cumbrous and antiquated forms, and it is agreeable to the genius of that law to make suppositions which are at variance with facts. Every criminal trial appears by the record of it to have been held before two or more judges, whereas only one judge usually takes part in it; and the only difference between the case of Madame Rachel and many other cases is that at the Central Criminal Court a statute directs the sessions to be held before two or more judges, while at the Assizes a similar direction is embodied in the Commissions issued by the Crown authorizing them to be held. Reading the statute by the light afforded by the practice of centuries, lawyers need feel no difficulty in interpreting it; and laymen must be contented to be told that all the judges mentioned in a Commission, or at least as many of them as are in the building where it is executed, are "constructively" present in every Court in which a prisoner is tried. There are, according to the books, no less than five different Commissions, besides certain supplementary writs which are necessarily, or at any rate usually, issued for the holding of assizes. The principal Commission, or Commission of Oyer and Terminer, as it is called, is issued under the Great Seal, and directed to the Lord Chancellor, Lord President of the Council, Lord Privy Seal, several noblemen, two judges of the Superior Courts, Queen's counsel, serjeants, and associates; but the judges, serjeants-at-law, and Queen's counsel therein mentioned are to be of the quorum, so that the rest cannot act without the presence of one of them, and there must be two or more of the persons named in the Commission present. The only difference between such a Commission and that issued for the Central Criminal Court is that "several noblemen" are mentioned in the former, and the Lord Mayor and aldermen in the latter, and that is merely an ornamental or formal difference. The practice under these Commissions has long been for each of the two judges who go a particular circuit to sit in a separate Court, one trying civil causes, and the other prisoners. If the calendar is heavy, both judges will proceed with it, each in his own Court, after the civil business is disposed of. Or one of the Queen's counsel or serjeants named in the Commission will hold a third Court for the trial of prisoners. The practice at the Old Bailey has been similar, except that two of the judges sometimes sit together in the principal Court, while the Recorder, the Common Serjeant, and the Judge of the Sheriffs' Court—or City County Court, as it is now called—sit each in his separate Court, assisted by the "constructive" presence of all the other judges, and the actual presence of one or more aldermen.

It is satisfactory to be able to stop short of a positive conclusion that aldermen are wholly useless. The presence of two or more members of the Commission within the walls of the Old Bailey may be taken, according to authority and precedent, to be necessary to the legal trial of a prisoner. At the Assizes it sometimes happens that one judge remains to finish a criminal trial after the other judge and the majority of the Bar have departed. But the remaining judge is always accompanied by his associate, who, as his name implies, is joined with the judges in the Commission; and thus the requirement of the Commission, that the trials under it shall be held before two or more of the Commissioners, is considered to be complied with. Among the associates are usually comprised the gentlemen in wigs who sit below the judges and call upon the prisoners to plead, and perform other duties which may be called ministerial in the Court. These gentlemen do not perform judicial duties, although some of them are popularly supposed to know more about criminal law than the judges who sit above them. They do not interfere in the conduct of the trial unless by a whisper in the judge's ear when he is in danger of making a mistake. Yet if one of the judges and the Queen's counsel and serjeants have departed from an assize town, or even have gone away from the Court to dinner, the presence of an associate is indispensable to any efficient proceeding by the remaining judge. Indeed the relation of the associate to the judge may be aptly illustrated by that of the bellows-blower to the player on the organ. Now we believe that there are associates at the Old Bailey as well as at the Assizes, and probably all the gentlemen in wigs who sit beneath the judges in its various Courts have their names included in the Commission, along with those of the Lord Mayor and the Lord Chancellor. But suppose that all of them do not enjoy this honour, there might be a possibility of a judge finding himself without a qualified associate in his Court, and then the legality of his proceedings would depend upon the presence of an alderman on the Bench beside him, or at least within the building. Thus it appears that, in the absence of an associate, an alderman is necessary at a trial; and then comes the further question, whether it must be the same alderman throughout. Lord Chief Justice Cockburn has given his reasons for thinking that it must be the same alderman, but it may be remarked that the presence of another judge named in the Commission within the building would undoubtedly be sufficient to render the proceedings of a single judge legal, and we cannot see why, if a trial lasts two days, an alderman who was not present on the first day should not be as useful as a judge who is not

present on the second day. We therefore infer that aldermen may possibly be useful in their seats in Court, and it is not to be forgotten that there are other seats at the Old Bailey which they occupy with indisputable efficiency. It may be true that they join in judicial proceedings only, as lawyers say, "for conformity"; but there are other proceedings in which they play a leading part. It is not, perhaps, generally known that there is very good eating and drinking at the Old Bailey. The judges and other dignitaries are suitably entertained at luncheon, and indications may sometimes be observed towards afternoon of an approaching dinner. An alderman who was only present "constructively" on the bench, would doubtless take good care to be present destructively at the dinner table. The practice formerly was to hold evening sittings of the Central Criminal Court, and many curious stories are told of what was done thereat. It may be said that a man who cannot carry his liquor well ought not to be a judge; but a prisoner would probably prefer to be tried by a judge who did not carry liquor at all at the time of trial. Besides the wretches who were hanged that jurymen might dine, there might perhaps be reckoned some wretches who were hanged because judges had dined. It may be supposed that, now that evening sittings have been discontinued, there are fewer dinners provided at the Old Bailey than in former years, and in that point of view the attendance of aldermen at the Court may have become less of a substantial reality, and more of an empty form, than it used to be.

The arguments of counsel and the judgment of the Court in this case exhibit the absurdity of the law, but it would be a mistake to suppose that the law is unsound because it is shown to be absurd. One of the judges admitted that he had always asked an alderman to be present when he passed sentence on a prisoner at the Old Bailey, but the same judge intimated that the interference of an alderman in a trial would ensure an alteration in the constitution of the Court. This judge, therefore, considered the presence of an alderman necessary at the sentence, but not at the trial, and he would have considered the interference of the alderman impertinent. The Lord Chief Justice thinks that, if the presence of an alderman is necessary, the same alderman ought to be present throughout the trial; but still the alderman would be expected to sit quiet, looking as wise as ever he pleased, but saying nothing, and occasionally beguiling the tedium of the day by looking into a newspaper, or dallying with the bouquet of choice flowers which is placed upon the desk before him. In fact, his position would closely resemble that of Mr. Mark Tapley when he became junior partner in the firm of Martin Chuzzlewit and Co., and had to remark to himself, whenever he ventured to open his mouth in the presence of his senior, "Co.'s a putting his foot in it, he is."

There seems to be a sort of moral justice in the fate of Madame Rachel, who, having dealt all her life in falsehood, is now tried and punished by a legal fiction. The constructive presence of all the members of the Commission in the Court is as much a work of the imagination as the existence of William, of whom we have heard so much. Madame Rachel or her friends may say that, if one of the superior judges, or the Recorder, or the Common Serjeant, had tried her case, the result might have been different. The answer is, that they did try it. We cannot help thinking that the law has been rather hard on Madame Rachel, whom it ought to have regarded with some tenderness as a practitioner in the same line as itself. The law delights in shams and subtle contrivances, and in saying, in the most solemn manner, the thing which is not. This was the ruling passion of our old lawyers, if we may judge from the formularies they have left behind them; and difficulties like this which we are considering arise from the conflict which is always going on between ancient fictions and modern regard for truth. If this difficulty had occurred to the Court of Queen's Bench two hundred years ago, it would have been got over immediately by mentioning in the record the names of all the aldermen who were present, and supposing the trial to have occupied only a single day and all the aldermen to have been present on that day. If a difficulty occurred, the men of old always endeavoured to dig under it or creep round it, and the last thing that suggested itself to their minds would be to ask Parliament to remove it. Of all the legal fictions that were invented to assist the administration of criminal justice, the most wonderful perhaps was that which allowed benefit of clergy in order to relieve the Courts from some of the drudgery of hanging. Anciently all felonies were capital, and the law which made them so being regarded as unalterable, the only resource was to evade it. A clerk, if brought into a criminal Court for trial, was entitled, on proving his orders, to be handed over to the Ordinary, who was supposed to punish him. This supposition of punishment was the first fiction. The next was to suppose that any one who could read was a clerk, and entitled to be discharged from civil custody. Then reading was dispensed with, and it became enough that the prisoner should fall on his knees in the dock and crave the benefit of the statute which regulated the allowance of clergy. But it was provided that this benefit should only be allowed once, and to prevent a second claim the prisoner was to be burned in the hand before discharge. Then the burning of the hand became a form of which the effect was as transient as that of one of Madame Rachel's cosmetics. After the lapse of centuries, and resorting to various shifts and subterfuges, the law finally arrived at the rational result of inflicting minor punishments for minor crimes. But it may deserve the attention of certain lady agitators of our day that a woman could not have

the benefit of clergy, and therefore was liable to be hanged for the smallest felony. The law was capable of believing a good deal, but even Madame Rachel could not have persuaded it that a woman was a cleric. Indeed, if Miss Faithfull herself had been indicted for felony, we fear that the law would have conclusively presumed the prisoner to be incapable of clergy although she offered to read to the judges her own published works. The forms of the Commissions of Oyer and Terminer, and Gaol Delivery, still used for the Assizes, are probably coeval with the practice of granting benefit of clergy to all who claimed it. They originally directed trials to be had before two or more judges, and they continued to direct this after the practice had become firmly established of holding trials before a single judge. Our lawyers avoided discrepancy between the Commission and the proceedings under it by making up a record of the trials stating them to have been held according to the Commission. It did not occur to their minds to alter the form of the Commission, any more than it would occur to the mind of one of Madame Rachel's clients to abandon the use of costly washes and pigments, and try the effect of regular life, and soap and water. It must be remembered, however, to the credit of the ancient judges, that their subtlety was almost always exercised on the side of mercy, and they deserve the praise bestowed upon them in the lines—

Whoso'er his bones are laid,
Thrice honour'd be that lawyer's shade,
Who truth with nonsense first combined
And equity with fiction joined.

THE PERMISSIVE BILL.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON'S Bill, entitled, with an admirable and unconscious paradox sufficiently illustrating its contradictory and anomalous character, the "Permissive Prohibitory Liquor Bill," has been rejected, but in the teeth of a minority sufficiently respectable in numbers, and by a majority neither so overpowering in numbers nor in Parliamentary influence as to lead us to the conclusion that we have seen the last of this agitation. The first, but not the worst, vice of the proposed measure is that it is permissive, and not universally obligatory. These permissive and voluntary Acts have not only always turned out failures in working, but they are an opprobrium on modern legislation. Law, right, duty, public policy, are of universal incidence in a settled community, and should not vary and alternate in obedience to the accidental boundaries of parishes or the caprices of borough ratepayers. If it is right to prohibit the sale of gin and beer, the prohibition should be general and universal. If it is right in the interests of the public to supply people with books and reading-rooms, all towns should be compelled to establish libraries and reading-rooms. To leave it to the discretion of a fortuitous and fluctuating collection of ratepayers to say whether they will or will not adopt a law, while the very fact of making it shows that the supreme power pronounces it to be right and good, amounts to this—that duty and right is not a thing of perpetual and universal obligation, but depends upon A, B, or C's recognition of it. If permissive legislation is right in one matter of obligation, it is right in all matters. If every parish or town may say whether it will or will not have public-houses, then consistency would require that every parish should settle by voting-papers, and in its private *comitia*, whether the Queen's writ shall run, or larceny be deemed an offence, within its petty precinct. A law which is law in one parish and no law in the next is fatal to the fundamental and primary notions of Imperial government. Again, a law the voluntary imposition of which, according to this Bill, may be attempted to be renewed every year after it has been rejected, but which, when once adopted and enforced, cannot be got rid of for three years, must be a fruitful source of perpetual divisions, heartburnings, dissensions, and agitation. In almost all towns and parishes where a Permissive Act might be managed to be carried by a popular vote, a strong minority is sure to exist. The Act, perhaps, is adopted by the scantiest requisite majority, and three years of cursing, swearing, intimidation, and civil war must be the certain result. The thirsty souls—to take the defeated minority at its worst estimate—are not likely to find their tempers improved by being cut off from flagon and pot; and the victory of the virtuous is not likely to make the vicious—if vicious they are—very pleasant neighbours and associates.

These, however, are faults which are incidental rather to the permissive character of the measure than to the measure itself. Strong objections, such as those we have touched upon, attach to all permissive measures, and we may add that they are morally dishonest. They would be, if they dared to be, of general incidence. Their promoters are afraid of this honest and outspoken course; they only try it on; they are avowedly only getting in the thin edge of the wedge, and in national legislation this is mean and contemptible. Sir Wilfrid Lawson says we have already got this principle at work by making sanitary and educational provisions voluntary, with this result, that the public health and education is only considered right for those who think it right. It is the old wicked fallacy of Horne Tooke. Truth is what a man troweth; right is what a man consents to. But we must go further than this in the condemnation of the Prohibitory—or Permissive Prohibitory—Bill. Two-thirds of the ratepayers are to coerce one-third; the two-thirds being possibly, and we might say most probably, those who have every private appliance for

supplying themselves with liquor, and the one-third being the aggregate of labourers and small artisans who have only the public-house or beer-shop from which to draw their daily rations of strong drink. Further than this, the strongest and most impregnable argument against the measure, it is idle to carry the discussion. Human nature ought not to submit to such a tyranny, and, in England at least, never will submit to it. The maxim of the public safety being the supreme law—which it must have cost something to a scholar like Mr. O. Morgan, the solitary defender of the Bill, to wrest from its original meaning, even if it did apply, which it does not, to the matter in hand—only begs the question at issue. It is assuming a great deal to say that the public safety is guaranteed by calling into existence an infuriated minority of a third of the population smarting under a sense of oppression, and possessed, rightly or wrongly, with the feeling that they are trampled on by their superiors in station. Admitting, which is admitting a great deal, that every social and moral evil grows out of the root of drunkenness, Sir Wilfrid and his friends have to show that under his Liquor Law drunkenness would be extirpated, and they have to show, moreover, that all customers of the public-house and beer-shop are drunkards. These points they quietly assume, and too many of the opponents of the Bill are disposed to let these assumptions pass unquestioned. The last point is one open to the easiest disproof. A man must be a fool as well as a fanatic to say that the foaming pots which are familiar to every neighbourhood as the dinner beer and the supper beer of a family are never consumed without one at least of the consumers getting intoxicated. And as to drunkenness being the origin of every social crime and evil, it is more easily said than proved. What crimes might be developed in a community where every stimulant was prohibited, it might be just as easy and just as fallacious to assume as it is to conjecture, on the other hand, what unknown virtues might be developed under the same circumstances. It is mere guessing in the dark either way. A whole nation of water-drinkers, disgraced by innumerable but hypothetical and unknown vices, is just as fair and just as foolish a subject to theorize upon as a nation of water-drinkers all holy, pious, and obedient to the laws. In either case there is no sufficient experience to guide us, and what experience we have is against prohibition.

It is a fact, and must be confronted by the Prohibitionists, that there is no nation or language in which some form of stimulant has not been used. Mounting up into the remotest regions of tradition, the benefactors of mankind have been the planters of the vine; and in the most savage communities—and, indeed, where there is no community at all—an instinct, which is only another name for a necessity of human nature, has compelled man to discover a stimulant. Of course, in urging this argument we are assuming that the English Prohibitionists, though they are rather shy of admitting so much, do hold all alcoholic and stimulant beverages to be *ipso facto* pernicious, and therefore to be prohibited. If they do not emphatically adopt Total Abstinence principles, they have no logical ground on which to stand. And the Total Abstinence theory is confronted by the general consent of mankind. This is simply a fact; that in some form or other—wine, spirituous liquors and fermented drinks, opium, hashisch, bhang, intoxicating or narcotic beans, coarse vegetable spirits, or what not—man in North and South, East and West, under every variety of climate and social condition, will take to intoxicants or stimulants. These things may be, and among us certainly are, grossly abused, but so is every natural and human instinct. There are other animal and sensual passions which are little, if at all, more natural or more universal—which are abused, and lead to horrible and disgraceful sins and immoralities. Let us be consistent, and repress or, if we can, try to prohibit them, and bring into Parliament some other Permissive Prohibitory enactments which shall deal with other tendencies of the flesh to evil and riotous living.

The result of the debate on Wednesday is not a matter for un-mixed satisfaction. Sir Wilfrid's Bill was rejected, but only 280 members were found to attend the House on a very serious question, involving high constitutional and high moral considerations. And though we have no objection to accord to the promoters of the measure the possession of good intentions, there was over much compliment and politeness to gentlemen who, whatever they may mean, are very mischievous. Fanaticism may be genuine, and in many cases to talk nonsense may be unavoidable, but fanaticism and nonsense ought not to be received with so very much of urbanity and deference. There is a wholesome and righteous severity with which this sort of thing ought to be treated. Perhaps the House of Commons is at this moment so accustomed to a strong majority that it hardly sees with our eyes that there are limitations, especially in social matters, to the doctrine that all minorities must suffer the will of the majority without complaint or struggle. Under one, and only one, aspect are we disposed to be grateful for the discussion. We think the present licensing system is doomed. Next Session—oh what an era of earnest, practical, sound work that next Session is going to bring us!—the Government is going to do something. One thing it must do; nay, from two things it cannot escape. The beer-houses and excise-licenses must be reformed; and so must the brewers' monopoly. The magistrates' licenses Sir Wilfrid and his friends can scarcely object to, inasmuch as to some extent the present practice of licensing public-houses does give local authorities and local opinion some check against the blackguardism, and some guarantees for the orderly management, of public-houses.

But the real vice of the present drinking trade in England is that it allows the great brewers a practical monopoly of most of the drinking houses, and encourages the immediate source of drunkenness, the sale of adulterated and poisonous beverages. The Legislature will be much better employed in seeing that the popular drinks are wholesome and unvitiated than in attempting to run counter to the natural instincts, and to coerce the natural liberty, of the subject. As to the beer-houses licensed by the Excise, and altogether unregulated in numbers, they are an unmitigated nuisance which nobody defends.

We are perfectly aware that in what we are saying there is no novelty. We have attempted none. Inveterate fallacies can only be met by threadbare refutations; and when we are confronted for the hundredth time with the same platitudes, we can only reply with the hundredth time repeated commonplace.

RELIEF TO THE TAX-PAYER.

CERTAIN items in Mr. Lowe's Budget bid fair to set us free from one of the lesser miseries of human life. He is not only going to make some of our taxes less, which is no small boon, but, what is a greater boon still, to sweeten not a little the manner of their collection. Hitherto the way in which taxes have been collected has been ingeniously contrived so as to give the largest possible amount of needless trouble. What with Assessed Taxes, Income Tax, Poor Rate, Highway Rate, Church Rate, to say nothing of rectorial and vicarial tithe, a man was always paying something or other, or, if he was not paying, he was filling up a paper about something that he had to pay. Tithe, no doubt, is private property; rates are a local burden; taxes are a national burden. Let all proper distinctions be drawn between the three; but when a man is always paying either one or the other, he may be apt to get careless as to the distinction of private, local, and national, and to wish that, if they cannot all be got rid of, they may at least be all rolled into one. It was a small crumb of comfort when, in those counties which adopted the Highway Act, highway rate and poor-rate were lumped together. The amount of relief which this gave to some classes can hardly be put into words. The world in general perhaps does not realize how many English parishes were divided into tithings, each tithing maintaining its own roads and levying its own rate. A man might easily be an occupier in several of these little commonwealths, and for each of them he had to pay a separate rate. The rector, for instance, or other tithe-owner, in such a parish, had to pay as many separate highway rates, perhaps six or seven, as there were tithings in his parish. To have these various fragments rolled into one was no slight gain; but our cup of joy was slightly dashed by the new law of dog-licences. Hitherto the dog found his place among the assessed taxes, but now, besides filling up the tax papers, we had to go to the post-office and take out a licence for him. Here was a further burden, but it is out of this burden that relief seems to have grown. The dog-tax is simplicity itself; no one could quarrel with it except because it was something over and above, beyond our other burdens. Substituted for them, instead of added to them, nothing could be better. You have simply to go to the post-office and take out your licence. If you fail to do so, you may be fined, and the excise officers are sharp enough in summoning those who are liable to be fined. The only wonder is that so many people are found, who, contrary to all rules of prudence, risk five pounds on the chance of saving five shillings.

Now to the beautiful simplicity of this process no contrast can be greater than the past process of collecting the Assessed Taxes. Be the amount great or small, the elaborate stupidity of the business is far more annoying than the amount to be paid. First of all, the duty of collection does not fall on any qualified officer who knows what he is about, but on some farmer or other illiterate person who can with a considerable effort just manage to write down the names of the sufferers and the amount to be paid by each. We have often pondered deeply on the principle on which successive assessors are appointed, and we have come to the conclusion that they must be appointed on the same principle on which the Mayor of Woodmancot was anciently chosen. We assume that the name of Woodmancot is not unknown to our readers, as we had some months back the pleasure of introducing to them that otherwise not renowned Gloucestershire manor as a new competitor for Shakspearian honours. Well, tradition says that in times past Woodmancot had a Mayor, and that—perhaps on the apostolic principle of setting them to judge who were least esteemed—the inhabitant of Woodmancot who had done the most foolish action during the past year was always chosen to the municipal dignity. In short, the local ambition of Woodmancot took somewhat of the form of a donkey-race. But the upshot was that the Mayorality of Woodmancot was improved off the face of the earth, and that tradition alone vouches that such an office ever was. That the assessors are chosen on the same principle there can be no doubt. If there be a stuper man in the parish than the assessor he has at least enough of method in his madness to keep himself out of the way. That he can explain nothing, if anything needs explanation, may be taken for granted; it is a mercy if he can put the proper items in their proper columns. Oftentimes is the charge for the horse above thirteen hands put opposite to the place for hair-powder, or the tax on the coachman jumbled up with

the tax on the carriage which he drives. Then, as we before said, the thing is going on always; now it is a paper to be filled up, now a paper telling you what you have to pay, now a paper announcing a meeting of Commissioners at which you may appeal, but to which you certainly never think of appealing. Last of all comes the actual payment, in itself the least troublesome process of all if it were not embittered by the thought that you are not paying for what you have at the moment, but for what you had at some remote time, the details of which cleave very faintly indeed to the memory. It calls for more than human prudence to remember that, if you want to lessen your number of horses, you must do it not later than April 4th, that if you want to increase them, you must do it not earlier than April 6th, or the consequences will be hanging about you in the shape of another year's taxation for two or three years to come. The whole thing is simply bewildering. And then alongside of it comes Income-tax; who can tell whether twice, thrice, or four times a year? Schedule A, Schedule B, Schedule C, Schedule D, here a payment to be deducted from the landlord, here a payment to be repaid to the tenant; the brain grows dizzy, and can give no further account of the whole business except that the process of filling up papers, appealing, not appealing, trying to spell out the assessor's figures, is simply endless. Then to all this is added that the assessor, with weeks and months before him to collect his money, always puts it off to the last moment, and, if by any chance you are not forthcoming at that last moment, he looks on you as a criminal, when it is simply his own *lâcheté* that you have not paid long before.

From all this Mr. Lowe promises us, if not absolute deliverance, at least a considerable alleviation. We are not sure that we have quite mastered the exact extent of our new privileges, but we gather that several payments are to be rolled into one, that one visit to the post-office will come instead of several visits on the part of the assessor. Well, all thanks for anything that we can get; it is a case in which we may be grateful for the smallest mercies. Even if Mr. Lowe did not save our pockets a penny, he would save us a considerable outlay of time and temper, which are still more valuable. If the whole thing can be done as simply as the dog-tax is now done, so much the better; if it cannot all be done, let as much be done as may be. Let us pay for what we have, not for what we had some years back, and let us have reasonable officials to deal with, who can explain a difficulty if there is one. We can see no objection on earth to substituting an intelligent Government officer, trained to his work, as the collector of national revenue, instead of a blundering farmer. Yet it is possible that the parochial lion may begin to put up his back, and to raise the roar of "centralization." We should be the last to seek to destroy any real piece of self-government, where real self-government exists. Where local authorities can really act, they ought to be allowed to act; when they have power to modify this or that if the circumstances of their neighbourhood may call for modification, by all means let them retain that power. But here is no self-government at all; there is no local discretion in the matter; the thing is to be paid anyhow; the question is whether it shall be paid in a convenient or an inconvenient way, to a competent or to an incompetent functionary. We assume that faults will have to be found in the Budget of a Liberal Government. Here is a good opening for declamation about local agency, local liberties, Magna Charta, and King Alfred—all, for aught we know, impersonated in the dulllest farmer in the parish. Self-government, by all means; but self-government is one thing, *Kirchenturnspolitik* is another. But self-government is sometimes embodied in such odd shapes that we doubt not that some minds will cleave to the parish assessor as its representative. Mr. Lowe has found a new way to pay old debts, and if his novelty causes a little consternation here and there, he will probably not be the worse for it. Our own hopes on the other hand are so kindled that we begin to ask whether another great work may not be looked for from the same hands. It cannot be simply, as Mr. Hunt has enviously suggested, that Mr. Lowe will get good shipwreck in the form of legacy and succession duties. Mr. Lowe claims to have a gift for turning deficit into surplus, and paying for things one does not see how. May he not turn out to be the heaven-sent Rebecca for whom we have so long been looking, to kick down the turnpikes and to clear away the debts on the roads?

THE SCOTCH EDUCATION BILL IN COMMITTEE.

THE Scotch Education Bill has passed through Committee in the Lords. It has been mangled to some extent, as every one expected who had studied the temper of the House. But, considering the character of the opposition which it has encountered, the fact that it has passed at all must be regarded as a triumph to the Government. The hostility to the Bill arises from two sources—the jealousy of the clergy of the Established Church in Scotland, and the narrow prejudices and fears of their friends in England. The Bill, though in the hands of the Duke of Argyll, is, as is well known in Scotland, the work of the Lord Advocate Moncreiff, an influential member of the Free Church. This is now the fourth attempt within the last fifteen years which Mr. Moncreiff has made to carry a measure of vital importance to Scotland, and each time the same tactics have been adopted by the same section of the rival Church to defeat him, and to protract the unsatisfactory state of things which is admitted to exist in Scotland. Every engine of what is still a considerable ecclesi-

astical organization has been employed to retard the progress of each effort which has been made by a Liberal Government for the extension of education, and the clergy of the Established Church have pulled the wires. They have done this with their eyes open to the inadequacy of existing appliances for education. They are aware that 90,000 children in a population of three millions are not at school, and never can be, under the present system. They know that a vast proportion of those who are at school are indifferently taught in buildings that are flagrantly unsuitable. They are aware also that this Bill proposes to remedy those abuses, and that the people in Scotland are almost unanimously favourable to it. But in the face of all this they have left no stone unturned to defeat the measure and to perpetuate those evils, because it is the work of a Free Church Lord Advocate. They have petitioned against the Bill in their Synods and their Presbyteries, and in all the other ramifications of their organization. They have published and circulated a collection of statistics, founded on what the Duke of Argyll has shown to be an utterly fallacious basis, with a view to mislead the people of England and Scotland as to the financial effect of the Bill. They have persuaded some of the ironmasters in Scotland to petition against it on the ground that they—the ironmasters—are in terror lest the godly upbringing of the miners and puddlers of Lanarkshire should be imperilled by its operation. They have addressed a manifesto to the country gentlemen of Scotland, commanding them to use the machinery of the effete institution called "the county meetings" to destroy the Bill, and some two hundred of these Tory Lairds, with a placid docility worthy of their own sheep, have obeyed the clerical commands. Lastly, they have got at the Duke of Richmond and the Earl of Denbigh, and these two sagacious noblemen—the one on political, the other on sectarian grounds—have bowed to the dictation of Dr. Cook of the Scotch Establishment, and vainly endeavoured to defeat the Bill.

It has, however, passed the Committee, and is now in the fair way to become law. Too much credit cannot be given to the Duke of Argyll and Lord De Grey on the part of the Government, and to Lords Airlie, Minto, and Dalhousie, as independent members, for the staunchness with which they fought an uphill fight. They stuck to their guns like men, in face of the determined hostility of the Opposition, and it was no easy matter. Eight dukes, two archbishops, seven bishops, three marquises, eighteen earls, and all the Roman Catholic peers, were arrayed against them; and one noble lord, who sat on the Liberal side of the House, used all the plausibility of which he is a master to trip them up. The blunt antagonism of the Duke of Marlborough and the captious nagging of Lord Cairns were to be expected. They merely followed Dr. Cook's instructions, and so did Lord Colonsay, in a spirit of feebleness and conciliation. It was different with Lord Kinnaird. His professions of friendly support were unbounded. But when he urged the Duke of Argyll to throw over one of the vital principles of the Bill as a mere nothing, and on his refusal voted against him, the true worth of his professions was exhibited. These opponents, however, showed only half the hostile hand. It was left to the Archbishop of Canterbury to show the other half. It was for him to arouse the English fears and suspicions that were slumbering on the back benches, and he did it effectually. If the judgment of the Lords upon the Bill was not a foregone conclusion, the appeal of the Archbishop settled the question. The division took place immediately afterwards, and it is vain to disguise the fact that the effect of it upon the symmetry and thoroughness of the measure is serious. The object of the Bill was threefold—(1) to extend the rating system which has long existed in Scotland, and to make it uniform by providing that all schools supported by rates should be national, and that none but National Schools should enjoy the Privy Council grants; (2) to establish a central authority over education in Scotland, through which schools should be provided wherever they were required; (3) to establish universal undenominational inspection. The Bill as amended in Committee retains the second provision intact, but, as it now stands, the first and third are only partially retained. Two amendments were carried, which provide that denominational schools might still be established, and that Privy Council grants should still be given to both Denominational and National Schools. National education is thus only half established, and denominational inspection, a fruitful source of dishonesty and inefficiency in the conduct of schools, may be continued in the non-national schools. The Privy Council will have to support a staff of denominational and a staff of national inspectors, and an opening is still left for sectarian rivalry and discord throughout Scotland. In short, the Presbyterian people of Scotland have deliberately, and after the experience of twenty-five years of anarchy and confusion in matters educational, made up their minds that denominational education is unsuitable to their country, and have demanded a national system; and the English and Irish Peers, backed by the Bench of Bishops, have refused to listen to their demands. And why? Not because they think that national education is unsuitable for Scotland, but because they fear that, if undenominational education were established in Scotland, it would soon be demanded in England. It is wonderful that those who use this dangerous argument should not perceive its application to the case of Ireland.

The decision of the Lords in this matter will be received with indignation in Scotland, and it is only natural that it should be so. At the same time, when the first excitement is over, and the Scotch people come to count their gains, they will be shrewd enough to see that these are considerable. They

have got a Board of Education whose duty it is to see that there are schools established in every district of the country, and in every part of the towns where such schools are required. Every child henceforth in Scotland will have full opportunity of being instructed. A principle of universal rating is established, so that Scotch parents will no longer be dependent on the caprice of voluntary benefactors, or on the jealous and spasmodic rivalry of contending sects. Most of their schools are released from clerical supervision, and are henceforth to be managed by committees elected by the people. The schoolmasters are for the future to be selected from a body of certified teachers approved by competent examiners. Every school in Scotland is to be under official inspection, and the buildings are to be under the supervision of the Board. And the money paid out of the Imperial purse towards primary education in Scotland will be raised from one hundred thousand to something like three hundred thousand pounds per annum. But this is not all. The moral gain remains to be calculated, and its practical effects are neither few nor insignificant. The present unsatisfactory state of things is broken up as soon as this Bill becomes law. All the old parochial schools at once become national, and as such are open to national inspection. Many of them will shortly be thrown on the rates, and so taken out of the hands of the established ministers. The Free Church will be only too glad to surrender their schools to the national system; so will the United Presbyterians; undenominational schools will at once be absorbed, and most of the private adventure schools will be virtually knocked on the head. The ministers of the establishment will of course use every effort to keep hold of their General Assembly and Christian Knowledge Society's schools—and they are welcome to them so long as Scotch parents care to use them. But it is not difficult to predict that the National Schools managed and supported by the State will speedily draw to themselves all the children within reach. The Episcopalian and Roman Catholic schools will probably remain outside the national system, and so long as they keep to their own people this may not be a serious matter. But if it be the case, as was stated in the debate, that out of 6,000 scholars attending Episcopalian schools, only 2,000 belonged to that communion, and, as the Duke of Argyll stated in one of his earlier speeches, that the children attending these schools are required to go through instruction in the Church Catechism, it is obvious that a stringent conscience clause is necessary to secure freedom of education in these schools so long as they receive Government aid. And that clause is left intact in the Bill.

The catalogue of gains is thus a tolerably long one, and the advantages in prospect weigh heavily in the scale. When the Bill goes down to the House of Commons, there may be an inclination on the part of the Scotch members to resent the action of the Lords, and to give up the measure, with the view of carrying a more sweeping one next Session. But this would be most unwise. Scotland is nearer to a complete system of national education than she has ever been before, or is likely to be soon again. There is, no doubt, a corner of denominationalism left, but it is only a corner. If the Scotch members can make up their minds to accept and improve the mutilated measure, they will do good service to Scotland. What is left of denominationalism is, we repeat, merely a corner, and an arrangement may be effected between the Commons and the Lords which will reduce this corner to very limited dimensions. It is too early in the day to suggest what that arrangement should be. It will unfold itself in time. Meanwhile the people of Scotland will best show their appreciation of the services of Government on their behalf by leaving the matter in the hands of their leaders. And the Government and the Liberal party generally—the Irish members in particular—will best show their appreciation of the faithful support which Scotland has given them in the great measure of the Session, by returning the Bill as speedily as possible to the Lords, amended to some extent, but only to such extent as will not give the Upper House an excuse for throwing it overboard altogether.

THE SCIENCE OF BILL-STICKING.

A GENERATION has passed away since the time-honoured nuisance of London street-cries was put down by an Act of Parliament. In the consulship of Plancus, when Reform Bills and Irish Church Bills were young, and Mr. Coningsby was as yet an interesting youth at Eton, the discovery had not been made that streets and highways and places of public resort belonged to any one who chose to take possession of them, to make any use of them which might come into his head independently of his neighbour's convenience or taste. The costermongers and chimney-sweeps, and the general crowds of the itinerant trading community, were accordingly routed ignominiously, and something approaching to quiet was restored to the streets, for the benefit of their inhabitants and their passengers. We are very much inclined to wish for the old street-cries back again, if only by restoring them we could get rid of a modern and pervading annoyance which is very much worse than they were.

Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures
Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus;

and the vocal advertisement of the hawk or costermonger was far less acutely irritating than the analogous process of torture which has been invented for the eyesight of the present generation by his fellow-trade-man who boasts a shop in place of a barrow, and

who pays his rates for a suburban villa as well as in the City, and protects his questionably honest wares behind half an acre of insured plate-glass. There is literally no escape from this tormentor with his staring, vulgar, hideous advertisements. And he has contrived, in the position which he occupies in the *demi-monde* of trade, to achieve the same kind of success which has attended the same impudent self-assertion by the *demi-monde* of society. He has made himself the fashion. A higher class of tradesmen has learnt first to envy, and then to imitate, the arts by which he has forced himself into notice. His influence has extended into the region where the commercial and the intellectual elements of modern life meet on common ground, and the press and the drama have vied with each other for pre-eminence in puffing vulgarity and bad taste. We are sorry to think that the system should be found to be a pecuniary success; but its promoters openly boast of it on the ground that it pays, and pays handsomely. This being the case, there is nothing for it but to put up with things as we find them, and to anticipate that the nuisance will assume larger proportions than it has done already. Such at least is the prospect presented to us by a writer in a "Monthly Magazine of Literature, Science, and Art," of which, though we find by its title-page that it has just completed the third year of its existence, we must frankly confess that we never heard till the current number was found in our letter-box a few days since. The "art" of this periodical is represented by a drawing of a small village church in Lincolnshire, which, if any of the lines had been either perpendicular or parallel, might have slightly resembled the original; and by a more accurate elevation of Aldgate Pump, which extends over the whole page of the cover. Its "literature" appears to consist, so far as we are able to judge, of rejected contributions to the *Family Herald*; and "science" is represented by an elaborate article, from the pen of a "talented writer," on the science of wall advertising in all its branches. The padding is made of pages of puffing by an advertising tailor, who announces himself as the "publisher" of this miscellany, which, in distant imitation of his betters, he calls the *Aldgate*.

We are grateful to the "talented writer" who instructs us in the science of bill-sticking for one ray of hope which he has afforded us in the future. He "believes that the advertisements in railway carriages will prove a complete failure." We sincerely hope that he may prove a true prophet in this respect at least, and that the prediction may not need the qualification which he has attached to it, that "those of the Metropolitan Railway may be an exception, as their occupants are so constantly changing." The Metropolitan Railway has forced the annoyance on its passengers in a more aggravating form than any other line. Excursionists in second and third-class carriages on the long country lines of traffic were, some years ago, constantly invited to study, on the sides of the compartments, what they might be attracted to see or to buy in a visit to London; but this practice has been generally abandoned, and in first-class carriages it was never adopted at all. It has been reserved for the Metropolitan Railway to thrust into all its carriages, without distinction, reiterated and staring puffs of worthless penny weeklies, and to turn its compartments into hoardings for advertising any rubbish which the purveyors choose to pay for. The practice of railway station advertising is, unfortunately, supposed to be both popular and profitable. The "talented writer" becomes perfectly enthusiastic in its praise. "Some trade placards I could mention are perfect works of art." "I consider the advertisements on the walls of a railway station a positive blessing to the intelligent passenger; and I do not doubt but that this mode of advertising, when judiciously and artistically accomplished, is highly remunerative to the speculator." A late Head of a House at Oxford is reported to have wound up an exhortation in the University pulpit by urging, as the crowning motive to diligence in the classical and philosophical studies of the place, that the undergraduate would thus be enabled to look down with a sublime contempt on the rest of his fellow-creatures; and an "intelligent passenger" may in this sense derive "a positive blessing" from the walls of a railway station, by contemplating the enormous mass of credulity and folly which must exist among his fellow-creatures in order to make such a display "remunerative" at all. "The most enlightened may learn something." Possibly; but the additional enlightenment which may thus be obtained upon the habits and mental condition of one's neighbours will only reveal what none but a cynic of peculiarly bitter-temper would care to see. The "something to be learnt" will only be that an enormous amount of annual expenditure can be risked by trading capitalists, with a moral or immoral certainty that "it will be found to pay," on the assumed existence of a multitude of solvent householders capable of "freely admitting," as the writer in the East-end magazine does, "that I have often thought that I should like to give so-and-so a turn, because of their artistic pictures at the railway stations." The "artistic pictures" are known to have involved, in the first place, a "tremendous printer's bill," and next an "exorbitant outlay" for the rent of wall-space; and as all this expense must in the end be paid for by the customer who "gives so-and-so a turn," the benefit to be derived must lie in some compensating advantage to the customer so taxed. We may presume that the first and most obvious form in which this advantage may present itself to what the customer "is pleased to call his mind" may be the hope that, in his personal appearance or in his social surroundings, he may be raised to the level of the humanity which his advertising art-teachers offer as a standard. He looks forward to the day when he and his sons

may see themselves reflected in the glass of the cheap tailor's pictures of men and boys. He wishes to resemble the figure reclining in luxurious ease on some patented iron couch, or standing before a looking-glass in an impossible shirt. He would like his wife and daughters to rival the graceful creations which are staring through shop-windows at violent domestic interiors, representing "a drawing-room completely furnished," or "a bedroom, with every luxury, in this style." His ideas of family life in its festival hours of refined enjoyment are trying to reach the level of a wedding-breakfast gathering, portrayed on the walls which attract his reverential gaze, and he hopes at some distant day to be "admitted to an equal sky" with these favoured beings. All this may be quite in accordance with the facts of society, and it may be very desirable that we should know among what manner of men we are living; but still it is not pleasant to be assured that, at least in the judgment of advertisers, the great majority of our fellow-travellers look on these pictured Yahoos with feelings of distant admiration. Neither is it altogether pleasant to be told, as every railway traveller—and, for the matter of that, every man who ventures into the streets—is being told perpetually, that a considerable section of his neighbours and fellow-citizens consider him to be an absolute fool. He is supposed not to be able to retain an idea in his head for half a minute at a time. A tea-tray nailed on a wall has just urged him to seek political wisdom by the purchase of the *Rattle*, price one farthing; and he cannot stir a hundred yards without being importuned by more tea-trays in the very same words. It is assumed, moreover, that he is such an idiot that he will be more impressed by letters a yard in height than by characters of twelve inches; and that a statement of which one copy only catches his eye at a time will be much less credible or convincing than one which is repeated twenty or a hundred times together on the walls of the same building. The recent general election afforded a conspicuous illustration of the undisguised contempt with which the British public as a body was regarded, at least in the metropolitan boroughs, by men whom we must assume to have been capable of forming a sound judgment on the matter. On no previous occasion had the stupid and senseless practice of covering the walls with the mere names of candidates assumed the dimensions in which it appeared last autumn. The gentlemen who gave their names and their money to this ridiculous display must have counted the cost, and found their profit in the assumed capacity of the minds which they desired to influence; and, all political considerations apart, it must be regarded as matter for great satisfaction that the most daring of all these speculators on the folly of electors, who had gambled on the event in the most extravagant manner, met with the most ignominious and deserved failure.

The professors of the science of bill-sticking are so enraptured with the result of its application in the case of railway stations that they see no limit to its future development. "Hoardings," twenty years hence, "will bring in improved and increased rents, instead of houses." It would be but the shallowest scepticism to object to this prophecy that the absence of houses might be unfavourable to the presence of customers. Already "the rude wooden hoarding just placed at a trifling cost in the Strand," enclosing the Carey Street site for the Law Courts, "is bringing in to its proprietors and renters a sum nearly equal to the ground-rent of the property which formerly stood there." We hope that some metropolitan member, happy in the result of his own bill-sticking experiences, will take care to impress this fact on Mr. Lowe, whose objection to give a Strand front to the new Law Courts will vanish at once when he realizes the fact that the front of a public building in a leading thoroughfare will already bring in a sum sufficient to pay the interest on the cost of the site, and "twenty years hence," probably, the interest on the whole outlay. Private persons may reap the immediate advantage of this discovery. It may be some years before the river front of the Houses of Parliament is let to Mr. Shepherd or to Messrs. Willing and Co., and meanwhile we may all make our harvest. A good placard, "costing from five to ten guineas in the first getting up, and a guinea or so for posting," is worth "an annual rental of four or five guineas" for its suitable display. "As a hint to the exploring house-hunter," our "talented writer" therefore "would say, never hesitate about the rent of a good corner-house, but take it on a long lease, and then go directly to some of the largest advertisers in London, and negotiate with them for its exterior to receive their announcements."

The next step of course will be, that owners of house property and their agents will learn the inestimable advantages of "going to some of the largest advertisers in London," and "negotiating" for a similar decoration of their domestic interiors. It is not given to every one to be the happy proprietor of a "corner-house." But every house has more or less of interior surface, and requires more or less of paint or of "wall-paper" to adorn it. The Metropolitan Railway has done its best to prepare the way for such an artistic treatment of our entrance-halls and drawing-rooms by setting the example with our first-class carriages, and we presume that, when the proper time arrives for its general adoption in the interests of trade, we must make up our minds to accept it. But as a panic among advertisers is not an altogether impossible phenomenon, and as two or three conspicuous failures would go far to bring it about, we may yet live in hope that some of the invaders of our railway-stations and wall-frontages, for whom the professors of advertising science express the most profound respect, may, even in our own time, to use the graphic expression of our "talented writer," "whatever their capital may have been, topple head over

heels into the Bankruptcy Court." It is useless to appeal to public taste for the abatement of a growing nuisance; but even an advertising tradesman has in his organization one sensitive part—his pocket.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

II.

THE success of the Exhibition proves to be fully as great as we anticipated. The public have, in numbers beyond precedent, shown approval of the handsome rooms, and appreciation of the Exhibition, which by common consent is considerably above the average. Such has been the concourse of visitors, that the new rooms, though of an area nearly double the old, are so crowded that favourite pictures can with difficulty be seen at all. In the first week the number of visitors amounted to over 31,000, an average of more than 5,000 per day; at which rate the total, by the end of the season, may reach 403,000. This indicates that the takings at the door will be in excess of 20,000*l.*, to which may probably be added 5,000*l.* on sale of catalogues, making a total of, say, 25,000*l.* as the year's receipts in the new building. How greatly the fortunes of the Academy are improved by the change may be judged from a return which states that "the average receipts from the Exhibition for seven years, from 1853 to 1859, was 7,801*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.*" Again, when we reach 1864, we find the following entry:—"The receipts of the Royal Academy have this year been enormous, amounting to 12,384*l.*, which is upwards of 2,000*l.* more than has ever before been taken. The extraordinary number of 57,000 catalogues was sold at the door." Thus the preceding data would seem to indicate that this season the receipts may double the above maximum of 12,384*l.*, which, as we have seen, was designated at the time "enormous." There appears, then, good reason to believe that the new Academy will prove financially a brilliant success, and, if successful financially, many other fine things may ensue. Thus at the dinner Sir Francis Grant spoke as follows:—

It will now be no longer necessary for us to accumulate our funds. I hope, therefore, it will be in our power largely to increase our hitherto not inconsiderable charities to our poorer and less fortunate brethren, and that we shall be able in future, with open-handed generosity, to support every effort for the benefit and promotion of art in this country.

In the Great Room have been mustered the efficient forces of the Academy, with the addition of some few veteran members who might do well to retire from active service as *hors de combat*. This grand Gallery, in the presence of twenty-six Academicians, thirteen Associates, and forty-one outsiders, contains as it were a summary of the entire Exhibition. Last week we commenced with Sir Edwin Landseer's sensational "Swannery"; we will now turn to a picture holding a distinctive position on the opposite wall—"King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid"—an eminently characteristic work by Mr. Maclise, R.A. This English ballad is often referred to by our old dramatic writers. Shakspeare makes mention of the story in three of his plays. The poem is given at length in *Percy's Reliques*, and Mr. Tennyson penned a picture almost identical with the one before us, under the title of the "Beggar Maid":—

Her arms across her breast she laid;
She was more fair than words can say;
Bare-footed came the beggar maid
Before the King Cophetua.
In robe and crown the King stepped down,
To meet and greet her on her way;
"It is no wonder," said the lords,
"She is more beautiful than day."

Mr. Maclise's picture is black and metallic; the flesh is not flesh, but leather; the drawing seeks power by the swelling of muscles; the composition is crowded, almost confused. Yet these are but the well-known characteristics of a painter grand in his mannerism. And this work is grand unquestionably; if the shadows are black, they are portentous of mystery; if the execution is hard, it gains as its end marvellous realism. The picture has undoubted power. Also it may be conceded that the "Beggar Maid" is a bright creation; "she is more beautiful than day."

This Great Gallery is not distinguished by greatness or largeness of manner. Historic pictures are at a discount; religious art scarcely exists; academic styles are extinct. Yet two artists—Mr. Poole, R.A., and Mr. Poynter, A.R.A.—have illustrated the story of the Prodigal Son. Mr. Poole's picture the French would designate as belonging to the *genre* of religious art. The point in the parable chosen is indicated by the text, "How many hired servants of my father have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger." The poor Prodigal lies prone upon the ground, and the flocks by his side are in a plight as pitiable as himself. The artist has drawn and painted so ill a herd of goats (by the way, should they not be swine?) that they too seem ready to perish with hunger; in fact, little more than hair and skin is left of them. Mr. Poole is proverbial for inattention to drawing; indeed he has not cared to paint the crescent moon truly; and yet the picture is fine as a conception, the landscape is painted with large suggestion, and, as usual with this painter, the work possesses rare quality in colour. Mr. Poynter's picture comes as a contrast; the landscape and surroundings are subordinate to the figures, and the style is less romantic or picturesque than academic and traditional. Mr. Poole has taken the time when the Prodigal was in the fields; Mr. Poynter when the outcast returned to his home and fell on his father's neck. A sketch for the picture appeared recently in the

Dudley Gallery. This young painter of singular promise has not yet settled his style, and perhaps he will be wise to hold a tentative attitude for some little time longer. To contract a mannerism at an early age is the fatality of narrow minds; to be widely eclectic over the period of maturing powers gives best promise for the ultimate future. Mr. Poynter has seldom shown himself so directly academic, so closely allied to Italian schools; this picture indeed recalls the traditional types, draperies, and treatments of Mr. Dyce. Mr. Poynter has recently made a pilgrimage to Italy, and thus he may have gone to the originals whence Mr. Dyce derived his studious manner. In elucidation of these praiseworthy pictures by a venerable Academician and a youthful Associate, it may be interesting to refer to the abundant illustration of the parable which the history of art affords. Thus, among the painters who have selected this eminently popular theme are the following—Bassano, Annibale Carracci, Guercino, Murillo, Albert Dürer, Salvator Rosa, Rubens, Teniers, Holbein, and Jan Steen. It was scarcely to be expected that our two English artists could add much that was new to the great storehouse of historic art, yet it is always instructive to observe how the same incidents are handled by different artists in distant epochs. Mrs. Jameson has a passage which may induce us to esteem all the more highly the effort here made to follow in the footsteps of the great masters:—

We can [writes this discriminative critic] easily understand how the parable of the Prodigal Son became more popular as a subject in art than any of the others. As related in the simple words and with the divinely persuasive tenderness of the Redeemer, it touches every heart. Taken in its mystic sense, it is a lesson of faith and hope; in its more obvious sense, it is a lesson of hope and charity.

We shall not presume to do justice to this "Salon d'Honneur" within the compass of a single article. For the sake of picturesque grouping it may be convenient to take as a class several painters known under the designation of the St. John's Wood school. Why St. John's Wood should have a school, and what may be the distinctive characteristics of that school, it might be difficult to understand or to define. But just as at Kensington and in the precincts of Holland Park there is one nucleus of painters, and in the districts about Notting Hill, Westbourne, and the Regent's Park there are other homesteads of art, so among the suburban villas on the way to the Swiss Cottage have nestled together a quiet social coterie of painters, who may be somewhat too wide for a clique and yet scarcely sufficiently indoctrinated with ideas to constitute a school. Among the number may be named Mr. Armitage, Mr. Calderon, Mr. Leslie, Mr. Yeames, Mr. Marks, Mr. Hodgson, Mr. Storey, and Mr. Wynfield, all present in the Academy. The Mentor of this so-called school is Mr. Armitage, who brings traditions from the atelier of Delaroche. The academic style thus consolidated—a manner sufficiently defiant of English prejudices—may be judged by a life-size nude figure, "Hero Lighting the Beacon to guide Leander across the Hellespont." The figure holds its position in this large room with command, yet it is perhaps more distinguished for power than for grace, for form than for colour; and thus it tells of its antecedents in the foreign school which twenty years ago was studious of drawing, and somewhat indifferent to the harmony of colour. As a contrast, it may be instructive to call to mind M. Cabanel's voluptuous Venus, now in the French Gallery, Pall Mall. The "Hero" of Mr. Armitage has the advantage of purity of motive. Altogether this somewhat exceptional effort merits encouragement. If in St. John's Wood Mr. Armitage takes the department of high art, on Mr. Calderon devolves the more popular task of doing the romantic, as may be seen in that brilliant composition which bears the supremely sentimental title "Sighing his Soul into his Lady's Face." It is much to say that Mr. Calderon has got through this perilous subject and situation without committing himself to anything weak or mawkish. It may perhaps be objected that the young fellow painted in the act of sighing his soul away wears so much the mien of inferiority as to be actually mistaken by some for an over-presumptuous boatman. The picture is saved by the presence of the lady—a heroine worthy of romantic story; she glides in the boat gracefully along, as a swan floating on still waters, conscious of queen-like beauty. The colouring just escapes showiness; the effect is forced up, and yet kept down. We fancy that the deep shadow in the wood may be rather opaque and black, but the treatment is intentionally broad and decisive, and so much brilliance can scarcely be got except at the cost of strong contrast. This is Mr. Calderon's best picture; his figure in tempera among the water-colours some have deemed crude, even coarse. Mr. Leslie, like Mr. Calderon, though in somewhat different mood, surrenders himself—amid the sunshine of St. John's Wood, toned down by fog and smoke from the adjacent metropolis—to youthful romance, and a fine haze of reverie. "Celia's Arbour" must indeed be a delicious retreat in a sultry summer day. How prettily does the sunlight glance through the leaves, play among the roses and upon the grass, while Celia herself stands under shelter of half shade! The picture, indeed, is exquisite as a study of tender tones; light enters the shadow, and shade moderates the sunshine. The sentiment is that of dreaminess and half-awakening, an effect which the artist has tried before. The style seems necessarily circumscribed in range, and the artist may find it hard to resist the usual temptation to confirm a mannerism when loudly applauded; but, having done one sort of thing supremely well, there seems no reason why he should not prove equally fortunate when he may next vary his sphere. We turn

to Mr. Yeames, a careful, thoughtful painter, who has for some years, with most honourable intentions, been paying his addresses to the Muse of History. The page in the annals of the past to which he now turns may perhaps scarcely possess the dignity to which history is supposed to incline; to hide away a "fugitive Jacobite" in a chimney evidently involves pictorial episodes which might claim favour less with the Muse of History than of Comedy. However, we must frankly admit that we have seldom met with more steady painting, more studious care in composition, more thought in the balance of colours, or in the blending of light with shade. The actors wear in their faces an alarm befitting so awkward a situation, the characters are well thought out, and the story, such as it is, has been told with circumstantial verisimilitude. The old house was evidently made on purpose for historic events of this import; the chimney must have been designed to receive a Jacobite. On the whole we admire the skill of the painter more than we can commend the choice of his subject.

Our remarks have been directed to the Great Gallery because here are the representative works by which our contemporary art may be judged. We reserve portraits, landscapes, and foreign schools, upon each of which we may possibly find space to speak. All who possess the catalogue will do well to consult the ground plan of the galleries, otherwise their ideas may run into confusion. Let us conclude by a digression into the two rooms which lead on left and right from the grand Salon wherein we have hitherto made our observations. A total of ten galleries appear on the plan, though more are present in the building. We will turn to Gallery No. II., which lies on the Piccadilly side. The room is weaker than some others, yet the hangers, with a proper desire to maintain equilibrium throughout, have here managed to comprise many capital works; among the masters represented are Mr. Orchardson, A.R.A., Mr. Lewis, R.A., Mr. Storey, Mr. Archer, Mr. Peter Graham, Mr. Leader, Mr. Crowe, Mr. Wynfield, and Mr. Marks. We may hope to speak of each in turn, but having already dealt with the so-called St. John's Wood school, we turn to "The Minstrels' Gallery," by Mr. Marks, an artist whom the Academy must soon add to its effective forces. Mr. Marks has made for himself, over a series of years, a position singular and almost without rival. He has shown himself as a wit, he has indulged in the grotesque, often under guise of mediævalism, and yet he has never touched the low buffoonery of cartoons which find place and notoriety in so-called comic periodicals. Within the sphere of the ridiculous Mr. Marks has moved with a dignity and decorum all but academic. We have sometimes deemed it singular that, with the amazing growth of comedy in a certain department of literature which relies less upon verbal than on visual or pictorial wit, the Academy contains so little, and that usually of second-rate order, which can provoke a laugh. Yet we need not say that the interval is great between the training needed merely to knock off a sketchy cartoon, and that required to carry out in oils a picture fitted for a place in the chief exhibition of the land. Hence Mr. Marks finds few competitors. His present work, "The Minstrels' Gallery," is less comic than heretofore; moreover the artist has now mitigated the harshness and dryness which he seems to have deemed conducive to that decorum which it is proper to maintain, at least within the Academy, amid the laughter that it has been his pleasure to provoke. Still Mr. Marks must take his fling somehow, and it is amusing to know how he has sought to reflect upon the musicians the characteristics of the instruments wherewith they are identified. Thus, he who bears the thundering drum has a pate empty as his instrument, while he who sports the organ's bellows grand, to "swell the soul to rage or kindle soft desire," shows a fine eye for frenzy. Fancy or conceit might, we believe, sport further at the expense of these musicians, from the feeble fiddler with shaky spider legs to the hack musician strong enough to take any part at a moment's notice. We may, in fine, observe that Mr. Marks has almost originated the art which he sustains from year to year without serious rivalry.

From Gallery No. II. we cross over to its *vis-à-vis*, Gallery No. IV., in order to illustrate how much "outsiders" have gained by the new building. At the private view we noted a quiet, earnest, pathetic picture by Mr. F. Holl—a young artist comparatively little known; the only title in the catalogue was the text, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." Crowds have since gathered before this home made desolate by death. The mother has been buried, and the orphan children for the first time assemble around the humble and scanty board. The son, a pastor, stands to say grace, a sister is bowed by sorrow, the old nurse is bereft of her charge; the household, worn by watching, sinks under the stroke of death; it is a scene for tears. The artist's treatment is as simple as the sentiment is unaffected; the colour is pitched in solemn grey, and the execution tells the tale literally without an effort to exaggerate a single fact. Mr. Holl, who has recently obtained the travelling studentship of the Academy, seems, in common with some other among our younger artists, to have taken a lesson from Continental schools. He may have marked how much of truth and of moving pathos lies in simple scenes, quiet in colour and shadowy in broken light, as painted by M. Frère, M. Breton, and M. Israels. Such reciprocities between English and foreign schools will henceforth extend. Our immediate purpose, however, is to point out that painters distinguished by talent may now almost for the first time make their merits patent to the world. On the other hand, it is a painful fact that, as we stated a week ago, upwards of three thousand works have been rejected under the plea of want of space. A measure thus almost without parallel has naturally provoked retaliation.

Accordingly the public are informed that out of these Rejected Addresses will be shortly constituted a "Select Supplementary Exhibition of Pictures." We will not prejudge the result, but it may be remembered that once upon a time the French Emperor in vengeance commanded the public exhibition of all the works excluded from the Salon. We incline to the opinion that our English Academy, like the great French Salon, is strong enough to bear up against the opposition which even its indiscretions may provoke.

REVIEWS.

NEWLY RECOVERED WRITINGS OF DEFOE.*

A RECENT discovery has been the means not only of adding a new chapter to the history of Defoe, but of bringing about little less than a revolution in the estimate in which his character has been popularly held. The thanks of the public are due to Mr. Lee for the pains with which he has followed the clue thus unexpectedly afforded. His own partiality or admiration makes him indeed scarcely sensible of the havoc which his revelations must inevitably play with the reputation of his idol. He would otherwise hardly have ceased from his labours with so complacent an impression that he had removed every stain and speck from the surface of the image. Nevertheless, whatever critical value we may attach to his judgment in this respect, there can be no two opinions as to the importance of the materials which his industry and zeal have placed at our disposal. It has generally been taken for granted, on the authority of the biographers of Defoe, that for seventeen years before his death he had altogether retired from the political world. Having stood for a whole generation in the foremost rank of polemics, he was supposed to have spent the remainder of his years in peaceful literary seclusion, absorbed in the composition of the works of fiction which have made his name famous throughout the world. An accidental discovery has done much to fill up this hiatus in the career of this most indefatigable of writers. Half a dozen letters unexpectedly came to light, in Defoe's handwriting, in the State Paper Office, four years ago. They were all seemingly addressed to Charles De la Fay, Esq., of the Secretary of State's Office. Of their genuineness there appears to be no doubt. Their dates range from the 12th of April to the 13th of June, 1718, and they demonstrate conclusively that the political life of Defoe had not closed at that period. These letters, on their discovery, appeared in the *London Review*, forming the text for some disparaging reflections on the character and conduct of Defoe. They were subsequently reprinted in *Notes and Queries*, at the instance of Mr. William Lee, by whom they were followed up in a series of articles, pointing out the historical and political bearing of these new facts in the writer's career, and vindicating the morality of his conduct. With these materials at his command, it is not surprising that, to the mind of so ardent an admirer of Defoe's genius, there should have appeared at once "the occasion for an entirely new chapter in the History of Defoe's Life and Times." Not only was a clear light thrown upon a point hitherto dimly apprehended, viz., the nature of Defoe's secret or official employment under the Government, but also upon the fact of his connexion with several political journals, and his authorship of many pamphlets not before suspected to be his. Mr. Lee's attention was immediately drawn to the serial publications upon which Defoe had thus avowedly engaged himself—namely, *Mercurius Politicus*, *Dormer's News-Letter*, and *Mist's Weekly Journal*. He was thence led to extend his investigations to others of Defoe's hitherto unknown journalistic writings. Travelling, with the aid of the clue thus attained, over the general field of newspaper and pamphlet literature spread over fifty years, he has succeeded in identifying and collecting a series of essays, letters, and articles from the fertile pen of this great writer, amounting, after much selection and omission, to upwards of three hundred and fifty. These he has now had printed in two octavo volumes of goodly size. He has omitted much of a transitory or personal character that might have illustrated the political history of the period, from a belief that "party contention would not necessarily be acceptable merely because it had been written by Defoe." His extracts are, consequently, more historical than political. Their contents are highly miscellaneous, both in style and subject—imaginative, humorous, anatory, ironical, religious, and moral. Writing, as Defoe did, on topics of popular interest as they daily arose, there is, as his editor fairly urges, a peculiar freshness in the author's relation of incidents, and his comments thereon. Articles and narratives are accumulated here in the most graphic and charming style—on the Rebellion of 1715 and the subsequent proceedings of the Pretender and his adherents, on commerce and trade, the South Sea scheme and the bursting of the bubble, with other epidemic economical and social delusions; on the plague in France, and on offences political and criminal, with their punishment. Interspersed throughout will be found a multitude of anecdotes, answers to correspondents, and scraps of current news, all eminently characteristic of the writer's mental fertility and sense of humour. The notices and advertisements of new books or pamphlets in these newspapers furnished a key to the exact dates when the greater part of his works, whether acknowledged

or not, were written. Thus the catalogue of Defoe's writings had to be revised throughout. The new list included by Mr. Lee in his first volume may be pronounced by far the most exhaustive and trustworthy that has ever been compiled, both with respect to the authenticity of each piece and its place in order of chronology. From the list in Lowndes Mr. Lee seems to reject more than sixty; from that prefixed by Mr. Wilson to his *Life of Defoe*, thirty, including three duplicates with altered titles—a common habit with Defoe—entered by him as distinct works. From Mr. Hazlitt's series of works, believed by him to be genuine, twelve have been rejected, while seven which he had conceived to be spurious have been retained. The entire number finally included amounts to two hundred and fifty separate works. Other writings of Defoe may very possibly, his editor thinks, be yet discovered. But Mr. Lee is entitled by his diligent and critical researches to believe that his catalogue as now corrected and supplemented is, as far as it goes, correct. These additional facts in the history of Defoe, together with the correction of standing errors as regards much of his voluminous literary labour, could only find their proper cohesion and unity in a totally new and connected memoir of the author; and to this undertaking Mr. Lee has accordingly addressed himself, with praiseworthy fulness as respects each stage of his idol's private life or every feat of his intellectual power, but with irreparable, though involuntary, damage to his reputation for candour or simple honesty.

It is strange that Toland's charge against Defoe of writing the monthly journal, *Mercurius Politicus*, should never have been regarded as a clue to be followed up by the biographers of Defoe. That paper was not commenced till the year 1716. Yet so fixed was the idea that Defoe had ceased from political writing a year before, that even Mr. Lee had followed the habit of "summarily rejecting all pamphlets of later date offered him by booksellers as Defoe's." The second of the letters to Mr. De la Fay not only establishes the fact of his connexion with that and other periodicals, but also the exact circumstances under which Defoe engaged himself as a tool of the Government. As early as 1707 Defoe, it is well known, had taken secret service under Harley, to whom he had been introduced after his Western tour and his telling defence of the Queen and the Ministry. A couple of letters now first printed from the original MSS. in the British Museum throw further light upon this point. Defoe here thanks his benefactor for the "exceeding bounty" he has recently received. Frankly acknowledging that he does not see the merit which his "unknown rewarders are pleased to value in his mean performances," he professes that the most he wishes, and which he hopes to answer for, is that he shall always preserve the "homely, despicable title of an honest man." These words seem almost ironical when read in the light of the contract which we find him entering into with Lord Townshend's government seven years later. It requires partiality or partisanship as strong as Mr. Lee's to state calmly, and even to defend from the faintest censure, the terms of this engagement. Acting secretly in the capacity, if not under the title, of Censor of the Public Journals, Defoe was yet to maintain, as heretofore, his relations with publishers and political organs, though "the world was not to be informed of this fact, but still consider him under displeasure, and separated from the Whigs." Defoe had, our readers will not need to be reminded, just been discharged by Chief Justice Parker from further proceedings in reference to his trial before the Court of King's Bench for a paper in the *Flying Post*. His biographer is unable to discover, either in the letters now brought to light or elsewhere, "any condition or stipulation, direct or indirect, that he should ever write a single word contrary to his conscience or to the principles which had directed his whole life," nor has he "found that he ever did so." His labours under such engagement will, it is thought, "by the present publication be made more capable of appreciation, and entitle him, irrespective of his many other claims, to the gratitude and admiration of posterity." Yet what was the nature of this pure and meritorious service? It was thought, his panegyrist mildly puts it, that he would be "better able to counteract the designs of disaffected journalists, and be more serviceable, than by appearing openly in support of the Government. The object was to prevent treasonable publications, by intercepting them before they reached the press, and by deleting that which was contrary to law, rather than (after the poison had been diffused throughout the nation) punishing the miserable printers and publishers, without being able to take hold of the writers." But an extract from the second of Defoe's own letters will best explain the nature of the work he had set himself to do:—

In considering, after this, which Way I might be rendered most useful to the Government; it was proposed by my Lord Townshend that I should still appear as if I were, as before, under the displeasure of the Government, and separated from the Whigs, and that I might be more serviceable in a kind of Disguise, than if I appeared openly; and upon this Foot a weekly Paper, which I was at first directed to write, in opposition to a scandalous Paper called the *Shift Shifted*, was laid aside, and the first Thing I engaged in, was a monthly Book called *Mercurius Politicus*, of which presently. In the interval of this, Dyer, the *News-Letter*-writer, having been dead, and Dormer his successor, being unable by his Troubles to carry on that Work; I had an offer of a Share in the Property, as well as in the Management of that Work.

I immediately acquainted my Lord Townshend of it, who, by Mr. Buckley, let me know it would be a very acceptable Piece of Service; for that Letter was really very prejudicial to the Public, and the most difficult to come at in a judicial Way in Case of Offence given. My Lord was pleased to add, by Mr. Buckley, that he would consider my Service in that Case, as he afterwards did.

* *Daniel Defoe: his Life and Recently Discovered Writings, extending from 1716 to 1729.* By William Lee. 3 vols. London: J. C. Hotten. 1869.

Upon this I engaged in it; and that so far, that though the Property was not wholly my own, yet the Conduct and Government of the Style and News was so entirely in me, that I ventured to assure his Lordship the Sting of that mischievous Paper should be entirely taken out, though it was granted that the Style should continue Tory, as it was, that the Party might be amused, and not set up another, which would have destroyed the Design: And this Part I therefore take entirely on myself still.

This went on for a Year, before my Lord Townshend went out of the Office; and his Lordship, in Consideration of this Service, made me the Appointment which Mr. Buckley knows of, with promise of a further Allowance as Service presented.

My Lord Sunderland, to whose Goodness I had many Years ago been obliged, when I was in a secret Commission sent to Scotland, was pleased to approve and continue this Service, and the Appointment annexed; and, with his Lordship's Approbation, I introduced myself, in the Disguise of a Translator of the Foreign News, to be so far concerned in this weekly Paper of *Mist's*, as to be able to keep it within the Circle of a secret Management, also prevent the mischievous Part of it; and yet neither *Mist*, or any of those concerned with him, have the least Guess or Suspicion by whose Direction I do it.

But here it becomes necessary to acquaint my Lord (as I hinted to you, Sir), that this Paper, called the *Journal*, is not in myself in Property, as the other, only in Management; with this express difference, that if anything happens to be put in without my Knowledge, which may give Offence, or if anything slips my Observation which may be ill taken, his Lordship shall be sure always to know whether he has a Servant to reprove, or a Stranger to correct.

Upon the whole, however, this is the Consequence, that by this Management, the Weekly *Journal*, and *Dormer's Letter*, as also the *Mercurius Politicus*, which is in the same Nature of Management as the *Journal*, will be always kept (Mistakes excepted) to pass as Tory Papers, and yet be disabled and enervated, so as to do no Mischief, or give any Offence to the Government.

It must be said that Defoe found himself by no means easy in mind under the burden of this dirty work. He more than once speaks of it as "bowing in the House of Rimmon." "I am, Sir," he complains, "posted among Papists, Jacobites, and enraged High Tories, a generation who [*sic*] I profess my very soul abhors. I am obliged to hear traitorous expressions and outrageous words against His Majesty's person and his most faithful servants, and smile at it all as if I approved it." He is often "obliged to let things pass which are not a little shocking, that he may not render himself suspected," and he is possessed with a fear lest he may be "undone the sooner the more faithfully he executes the commands he is under." He sends at the same time "one of the letters stopped at the press." Of the MS. of "Sultan Galza, another villainous paper," he had sent a copy to Lord Sunderland, and offers the original if it can be of any service. In the third letter he is "much concerned that the *Journal* has copied from the *Post Boy* that ridiculous paragraph of the Pretender's being in the list of the Queen Dowager's legitimate children." "It is my duty to assure you, my Lord," he protests, "that I have no part in this slip, but that Mr. Mist did it, after I had looked over what he had gathered together, which it seems was not sufficient." And though he would, "if he may presume so far, intercede for him," yet he dwells upon the pains he is at "that if any mistake happened, my Lord should always know whether he had a servant to reprove or a stranger to punish." For seven years the unfortunate *Mist* remained in the dark as to the secret service carried on by his colleague and seeming friend, during which time we cannot doubt the Government was kept posted up with the most minute particulars which Defoe's connexion with the press placed at his command. It is true that we find Defoe making a great show of his care to screen his publisher from consequences, or to restrain him from rushing into snares or perils. In *Appelbee's Journal* he even inserts, December 12, 1724, the precursor of a series of letters on Friendship, in which he expatiates, all but by name, upon the kindness *Mist* had received at his hands, and his ingratitude in return. "Save a thief from the gallows," he bitterly exclaims, "and he will cut your throat." It may not have been Defoe's official delation that brought the luckless *Mist* to prison in November, 1718, but at least no good offices of his friends availed to save him. The only result was the secession of Defoe for a while from the *Journal*, to be followed by a re-engagement in January, 1719, *Mist* being kept as before in ignorance of the Government contract. The poor wretch was brought in 1720 to the pillory, and four years later fined 100*l.*, and sent to prison for a year. There can be no reasonable doubt that it was the discovery of the secret, while under the stress of prosecution, which prompted the revengeful attack by *Mist* upon Defoe. Mr. Lee seems to us to have clearly made out this fact. He is at the same time strangely blind to any default on the side of his hero, and solely alive to the baseness and ingratitude of *Mist*. It certainly shows generosity and forbearance on the part of Defoe that he spared the life of his assailant, whom he had disarmed and wounded, and was the first to run for a surgeon to attend him. This first attack of *Mist's* was followed up by a blow of a different kind, all the journals being leagued together through his instrumentality to close their columns against communications from Defoe. Such a step was in some respects analogous to what we understand to have been a recent resolution of the Parisian Société des Hommes de Lettres, excluding from their body any gentleman connected with the censorship of the press. Mr. Lee is probably right in tracing to the same vindictive hand the blow which finally shattered Defoe's peace of mind, and hastened his death. The "wicked, perjured, and contemptible enemy" who drove him into concealment, and to whom he attributes his ruin, was, in all likelihood, no other than *Mist*, who had fled abroad, and who is known to have consorted with the Duke of Wharton and other heads of the Jacobite clique. The possession of documents written by Defoe, or the knowledge of

facts in his career, might be skillfully used to compromise him with the Government, and threaten his fortune and safety. His letter to Mr. Baker, his son-in-law, is shown to bear out this surmise, while affording much reason for his biographer's suggestion that Defoe's intellect had given way under the ensuing anxiety and fright. There seems to have been no real cause for the gloomy picture therein drawn of the ruin of his family and himself. Defoe, we are glad to find from Mr. Lee's praiseworthy researches, died in fair circumstances. We could wish that his political morality or private honour came out as favourably from the imputations cast on it through this lifting of the veil from the closing scenes of his career. What his genius may hereby gain from the admiring voices of posterity will be more than compensated by the verdict of condemnation that must needs be passed upon the mean and underhand use made of such powers. Another melancholy instance is afforded of the possible degradation of the mightiest and most varied gifts of intellect to ends and means the most ignoble.

PARIS IN 1794 AND 1795.

IT is difficult to write a satisfactory notice of a book that is, what this professes to be, mainly a compilation. To do justice to its contents one ought to quote a full half of them. M. Dauban has devoted himself to the illustration of the times of the Revolution, and his present volume reproduces the Paris of 1794, "photographed"—to use his own expression—from contemporary documents. The main sources of his extracts are in the formal reports submitted to the revolutionary authorities by the "observateurs de l'esprit public." Those spies of the State played an important part under the Government of the Terror. It was their function to follow the fluctuations of public feeling in passing events, and reproduce them faithfully for the guidance of the demagogues who were governed by the sovereign populace they affected to rule. It is curious to mark the different styles in which these reports are couched. Now you have the laboured production of a man who carefully elaborates his phrases, and delights to moralize in lofty language over sordid details. Now you come on another, which in vile orthography and vulgar idioms reproduces in its original coarseness the slang of the *halles* and the *faubourgs*. And all reflect the Paris of the period with a force and fidelity that makes fiction of the most eloquent pages of recognised historians. But M. Dauban does not confine himself to these, and we have what we might almost call autobiographies of the clubs and committees—of the presiding spirits of the Mountain, of the orators of the Jacobins and Cordeliers. In fact, the men of the Revolution tell its story, and M. Dauban merely gives continuity to his extracts, with some occasional pages of his own. The judgment with which he has made his selections is vindicated by their sustained interest. The harshest criticism to which the book lays itself open is that the author keeps himself too systematically in the background. That is doubtless a fault on the right side; but when M. Dauban writes at all, he writes so much to the purpose, catches points so clearly, and indicates character so fairly, that one wishes he had cast the book in a different shape, and prepared and commented a voluminous appendix, with a continuous original narrative. His prologue distinguishes between democracy and demagogism. In the pages of Aristophanes he reads the history of Athens under the rule of the Athenian demagogues, and finds it repeat itself in the Paris of 1794-95. Selfishness and self-seeking are the invariable guiding principle in the one as in the other, utterly fatal to statesmanship or stable government. The first aim of the demagogue is to distract the people, at any cost, from seriously dwelling on their sufferings; to divert their minds from real causes to fanciful ones. He panders to the popular passions, and devises the system of appeasing them with human sacrifices—a system sure sooner or later to react on himself. In Paris, for example, the demagogues affected to ignore the physical causes of the famine altogether. They converted it into a weapon of faction warfare, being too shortsighted to see that accusation begets recrimination, and that in striking others they might kill themselves. M. Dauban believes in a well-regulated democracy, as the most perfect of human governments. But the moral of his narrative is that, under the Convention, republican institutions never had a fair trial; that, with public men of such character and with such objects, anything but execrable administration was an impossibility; while their execrable administration made the counter-revolution and the *coup d'état* of Brumaire inevitable. The original title of the book was *La Rue, le Club et la Prison*, but M. Dauban found that to dwell on the history of the last would have swelled his volume so much that he decided to reserve it for a separate one. The famine, which not merely aggravated, but did so much to create the miseries of those unhappy times, forced its way to the front in all his researches; while it is needless to say that, although he does not introduce us personally into the prisons, at each step as we follow him we may hear the clash of the irons and catch glimpses of their wearers through the bars.

The observers of the state of public feeling were omnipresent. They glided among the crowds that mobbed the doors of butchers and bakers. They sat eavesdropping in the wine-shops. They attended the popular gatherings, they reported the proceedings of the clubs; and if their reports show one thing more clearly than

* *Paris en 1794 et en 1795. Histoire de la Rue, du Club, de la Famine.* Par C. A. Dauban. Paris: Plon. 1869.

another, it is that the hardening, demoralizing influence of the famine on the people, the share it had in the course of events, has received anything but sufficient attention. The mob was hungry and savage. Always on the verge of death by starvation themselves, they became naturally reckless of human life. Persuaded that all their sufferings were owing to the aristocrats or the foreigners, that they were surrounded with traitors to the Republic and emissaries of Pitt, as they saw tumbril-loads of victims pass on to the guillotine, they glutted their vengeance with scarcely a lingering emotion of pity, with barely a shadow of remorse. Their primitive notions of the inalienable rights of man, their rude ideas of political economy, the practical suggestions of some of the thinking observers, would excite a smile if the ignorance of the people was not so melancholy and their misery so real. But it is inexpressibly shocking to see them fooled by their responsible directors to the top of their bent, by men who studied the fancies of the dregs of Paris solely to humour them. One man is consigned summarily to prison because thirty-six eggs are found in his house. One of the observers gravely recommends, "qu'on empêche les aristocrates d'avoir plusieurs plats de gras par repas." Another records the honest indignation of a citizen that a *restaurant* should be suffered to keep half an ox in his larder while fathers of families have nothing in the *pot au feu*. These were hard times for property. "Les aristocrates, dit le peuple, ressemblent à une multitude de pigeons qui dévastent un champ; il leur faut un épouvantail (*sic*), et cette (*sic*) épouvantail est la guillotine." Kellerman, remonstrating from his dungeon in the Abbaye against his confinement there, begins, "Je conviens, citoyens représentants, que la première vertu républicaine est la défiance;" and that is the key to the situation. In the abnormal state of feelings and passions, the wildest rumours tended steadily to verify themselves, and each day the universal distrust became better founded. One after another, the leaders most deeply compromised by the crimes of the Revolution fell, and were crushed under its wheels. Charges the most absurdly improbable were trumped up to catch the ears of the mob, and answered their purpose. Hebert perished, not for his atrocities, not even on the belief of the extravagant conspiracy with which he was taxed, not on the strength of the impassioned denunciations of St.-Just, so much as because the popular fancy was persuaded that he had stopped the supplies of the people. Immediately after his execution, a group of bystanders, seeing some waggons loaded with food passing into the city, connected them with his happy despatch as effect and cause. Robespierre had surely given proof enough of devotion to the new régime by putting a river of blood between him and the aristocrats, yet when he perished the rumour found ready credence that he had lived in the pay of the *émigrés*, and died a traitor to the Republic.

It is interesting to read the remarks of a democratic envoy on the proceedings and prospects of infant democracy in France. Morris, the American Minister, is quoted as writing to Washington:—

Il m'a semblé que c'est Paris qui décide du sort de toute la France, et que les sans-culottes (lisiez la populace) décident de Paris. Qu'en conséquence des factions qui surgiraient continuellement, se faisant une guerre impitoyable l'une à l'autre, et leur influence n'étant fondée seulement que sur la crainte momentanée que chacune d'elles inspire, ne pouvaient prendre aucune forme de gouvernement stable et n'auraient qu'une existence éphémère, enfin que chaque nouveau coup de la guillotine renouait le sentiment national et éloignait l'espoir d'un régime fondé sur la liberté.

Public spirit and ordinary humanity seem to have taken refuge with the generals in charge of the armies—the Klebers and Fiehegrus. They stand more in fear of slander in their rear, arbitrary recalls and peremptory sentences from Paris, than of the enemies they see in their front. Kleber was brought back from La Vendée for shrinking from the pitiless chastisement which he was required to inflict in cold blood on an enemy that he despised in the field. He writes his friend Delaborde:—

Je n'ai pas voulu quitter l'armée des côtes de Brest sans prendre congé de toi, mon camarade, de toi que j'aime et que j'estime infiniment, avec qui j'aurais voulu combattre, vaincre et mourir. Je pars pour l'armée du Nord demain; j'y ferais bien de t'y rendre aussi. La guerre des chouans est la chose du monde la plus ridicule. Les braves les battent à coups de pied et de manche à balai, les lâches en sont battus, les faibles éborgnés, assassinés. C'est un ennemi qui a la timidité et la légèreté du chevreuil et la féroce du tigre; c'est un serpent qui se traîne d'un repaire à l'autre et qui s'échappe au moment où on croit le tenir.

Je t'embrasse bien fraternellement.

M. Dauban reproduces a copy of the autograph letter, with these lines across it in the handwriting of Delaborde:—

L'amitié d'un grand homme tel que Kleber était pour moi d'un prix inestimable. Sa lettre doit être conservée très-précieusement par ma famille.

What a contrast between soldiers like these, and a Henriot with his stilted orders of the day, where mock heroics alternate with sickly sentimentality!

The history of 1794 embraces of course the events of 9 Thermidor and the downfall of Robespierre. M. Dauban seeks the materials for his hasty sketch at the hands of contemporary historians, chiefly Lacretelle and Beaulieu:—

Si pour les vues d'ensemble ils sont inférieurs à ceux qui sont venus après eux, si dans leurs récits on peut reprendre quelques inexactitudes de détails et de dates, il n'y a pourtant que là qu'on peut trouver la physiologie vraie de l'époque, la vraie émotion de leur temps.

Robespierre had never seemed stronger than when his end was at hand. He had taken his precautions. He had packed the revolutionary tribunals the communes of Paris, with his friends.

They swarmed at the Jacobins. He disposed through Henriot of the armed populace. "On assure qu'il avait inspiré le plus sincère fanatisme à un corps nombreux de jeunes gens qu'on appelait l'École de Mars." Perhaps it was his fancied strength that precipitated his fall. For he was less absolutely the master in the Committees of Public Safety, and he rashly proclaimed his determination to purge them, in sweeping denunciations levelled at men whose natures and interests were the counterpart of his own. The threatened men felt that, strong as he seemed to stand, it was possible to upset him, while in his ruin lay their sole chance of safety. The terror he inspired welded his enemies in unnatural alliance. On the 8 Thermidor he made a speech announcing important revelations. "Chose absurde de la part d'un homme dévoré et poursuivi par tant de haines, il engageait le combat sans vouloir le terminer dans un jour; il ne proposait aucune mesure." Even Billaud and Vadier rose to clamour against him. To show how blindly his enemies caught at any weapon, Vadier actually denounced him for his tenderness to the enemies of the Revolution. The very wildness of the attack had nearly saved him, when the cooler Freron came to the rescue, seeking to assert by resolution the Convention's independence of the Committees of Public Safety. Tallien dexterously drew Billaud on to the declarations which convinced the members of the Convention how fatally they were compromised with the dominant faction. The incidents that followed are matters of familiar history, and it is well known how the irony of circumstances forced Fouquier-Tinville to pass sentence of death on his friends. M. Dauban has some interesting speculations on what might have been the history of the Revolution had Robespierre persuaded the Convention to hear him speak; or, failing eloquence, had a more vigorous military chief than Henriot gained him a triumph by force. From the documents which he prints, M. Dauban pronounces that "il est impossible d'y trouver des vues d'avenir, une théorie, un idéal quelconque de gouvernement." Although interesting as containing Robespierre's private opinions on some of the best-known of his colleagues and opponents, they are excessively meagre. But they dwell strongly on the need for a *volonté nationale* to regulate both internal affairs and foreign relations. Doubtless the *volonté* of the nation was intended to be embodied in the will of Maximilian Robespierre, but we find nothing to guide us as to how far he had looked to a time when he might afford to govern more mercifully on the strength of the terror of his past proscriptions. The extracts afford thrilling proofs of the shadowy tenure in which men held their lives and liberties. A denunciation comes from Rousseville:—"Blot, marchand épicière, s'est mal conduit"—nothing more; "Michel, ci-devant cocher d'Antoinette, est toujours directeur en chef des charrois"—no crime alleged. Robespierre's curt answer is, "Arrest them." He arrests the National Agent at Romainville, with all his lodgers, because he had taken into his house some *ci-devant* nobles under pretence of having them under his *surveillance*. The sole offence of the nobles is their ancestry. He even arrests wholesale on anonymous denunciations. The book is enriched with strange engravings of revolutionary scenes from contemporary pictures. There is a horrible allegory by Prudhon, hitherto unpublished, facing the title-page, which gives a vivid idea of the situation on the 9 Thermidor. The genius of revolution sits throned in the Place Louis XV. Her hand is wreathed in the hair of Robespierre as he stands upright on a heap of victims. The portrait is admirable; the eyes are starting in horror from his head; his right hand grasps a dagger and a scroll; his left clutches at the prostrate body of a youth, Convention National, as it writhes in its agonies on the knees of the revolutionary demon, still retaining in its contortions its hold on the hair of the corpse of the murdered king. In the background Buonaparte is starting for Egypt, shielded by the buckler of Minerva.

We have taken our notices of the book almost at random. Were we to stop to pick and choose, we should find ourselves hopelessly embarrassed among the riches it contains. In particular, we should have liked to dwell on the end of le Père Duchesne, which we have merely alluded to, and on some of the touching death-scenes—that of the Duchess d'Ayen and the ladies of her family, for example. But we can find no space for them; and the only way to appreciate the value of M. Dauban's book is to look it over from the first page to the last.

BALL'S GUIDE TO THE EASTERN ALPS.*

THIS third and concluding volume of the *Alpine Guide* fully sustains the reputation of its two predecessors. Equally thorough and careful with them, it is a work of considerably greater difficulty, and one which must have cost its author much more time and pains. In dealing with the Western and Central Alps, Mr. Ball had to cover a field which was not only comparatively narrow, but which had been in almost every part explored and described in print, and respecting which details could readily be procured from the many living mountaineers—English, Swiss, and Italian—who have spent half the summers of their lives in climbing new peaks, and discovering new routes over glaciers and snow-fields. To work up these materials needed so much skill and accuracy that their abundance does not at all detract from the credit Mr. Ball deserves for having produced from them books so trustworthy and agreeable as his *Guides to the Western and*

* *The Alpine Guide.* Part III.—A Guide to the Eastern Alps. By John Ball, M.R.I.A., F.L.S., &c. London: Longmans & Co. 1868.

Central Alps are. But in treating of the Eastern Alps, where the extent of ground is vastly greater, this want of accumulated information must have been seriously felt; and we doubt whether the task could have been adequately completed by any one who had not, like Mr. Ball, acquired a more or less minute personal knowledge of nearly every part of the wide region which he undertakes to lead us through.

This region includes all the ranges of the Alps east of Switzerland; that is to say, the mountains of Tyrol, of Bavaria, Salzburg, Upper Austria, Styria, Carinthia, Illyria, Carniola, and North-Eastern Italy. One or two parts of it—such as, for instance, the Salzkammergut—lie within the beaten track of travellers, and for considerable districts, especially in Tyrol and Styria, a good deal has been done, not only by the surveys of the Austrian Government, but by the researches of the members of the Viennese Alpenverein, duly recorded in their Jahrbuch. But, comparing the region as a whole with the Swiss Alps, it may fairly be called virgin soil. A great number of peaks of respectable height and difficulty remain unscaled; and the frequent requests which Mr. Ball makes for information respecting routes said to exist from one valley to another will show the mountaineer who is ambitious of connecting his name with that of a "new pass" how easily he may gratify his desire. This holds good not only in Styria and Carinthia, where the ranges are for the most part scarcely high enough to be stimulating, but also in the main chain of the Rhaetic and Noric Alps, running from the source of the Adige to the Radstadter Tauern, where there are glaciers and snow-fields not unworthy to be placed beside those of the Bernese Oberland or the Upper Engadin. It is not, indeed, to be expected that these districts, even when better known and easier of access than they are now, will ever supplant Switzerland in the eyes of the ordinary tourist. Their scenery is less gigantesque; it seldom offers those striking contrasts of vast wildernesses of ice and snow above with rich and almost tropical valleys below, which one meets with on the south side of the Pennine Alps; it brings out no single peak or group of peaks with that overpowering majesty which the Eiger Mönch and Jungfrau have as seen from the Wengern Alp, or the Weisshorn seen from Randa, or Mont Blanc from Courmayeur. The valleys are not so deep; the torrents are not so full and strong; the lakes are, with one or two exceptions, and notably that of the Garda, smaller and less imposing. But what the Eastern Alps may be thought to want in sublimity, they make up for in variety and delicate beauty. Speaking broadly, they may be thrown into three great divisions, each with a characteristic type of scenery. First, there is the region of comparatively recent sedimentary rocks on the north or German side of the main axis—the limestone ridges of Vorarlberg, Southern Bavaria, and the country south and east of Salzburg. Here the mountains, though never exceeding and rarely approaching 10,000 feet in height, are mostly bold and fantastic in outline, their pastures are of a richer green than one commonly finds in Switzerland, and here and there they are interspersed by the most charming little lakes. The most famous of these—the König See at Berchtesgaden—combines more perfectly than any sheet of water in Switzerland, or indeed in Europe, all the elements of picturesque beauty; and although none of the group of lakes round Ischl can singly claim to stand in the first rank, still, taken all together, what with the vivid blue of their waters, the vivid green of the streams that connect them, and the endlessly varied character of their shores—stern grey precipices alternating with woods and tender pastures—they make this Salzkammergut district wonderfully attractive. For the purposes of touring, as distinguished from travelling or mountain climbing, it is as near perfection as any place can be. The walks are not too long, the mountains are high enough to be fine, and not so high as to make it necessary to surmount minor ranges and penetrate into wild recesses in order to see them properly; one finds everywhere good roads and clean inns; the comforts of civilization are not unknown; yet the cockney, German or English, is still unfrequent. Further south, along the main snowy chain which stretches east and north-east, between the valleys drained by the Inn and Salza on the north and those whose waters descend into the Adige or the Drave, we enter a very different region with a very distinct type of scenery. A great number of peaks, especially between the Brenner and the pass of the Mallnitzer Tauern, rise far above the line of perpetual snow; and some of the glaciers are scarcely inferior, in size and in the perfection with which their peculiar structure is displayed, to the great ice streams of the Pennine Alps. These crystalline ranges show in general exceedingly bold and grand forms; less abrupt and fantastic than the limestone mountains on the flanks of the chain, they are far more massive; it is their air of strength and solidity, not less than their superior height, which make peaks like the Glockner and the Oberwiesbachhorn so much more impressive than the Watzmann or the Dachstein. On the southern side of the axis, beyond the valleys of the Adige, Eisack, and Drune, we come again upon more recent rocks and a district whose scenery is altogether peculiar, almost as unlike that of the limestone mountains of similar age in Bavaria and Upper Austria as it is to the schists of the central chain. This is the so-called dolomite country of Southern Tyrol and Northern Venetia, which has become pretty well known to English readers since the publication of Messrs. Gilbert and Churchill's very agreeable book of travels; a country full of rare and exquisite beauties, but rather difficult of access, and poorly supplied with inns, guides, mules, and all those other appliances of touring to which Switzerland has accustomed us. There is but little ice and

snow in this region, and there are no lakes; but the mountain forms are not less imposing than those of the loftier Alps of Switzerland, while the mountain colours are far richer and more varied. The precipices, instead of the prevailing black and grey of the Central and Western Alps, are usually blue or red; the streams are not glacier torrents, turbidly white, but of an intensely clear and lustrous green; the sky, when the sky can be seen, has an Italian serenity and warmth of tone. For it is fair to add that no region in the Alps suffers more from uncertain and tempestuous weather. Separated as they are from the Adriatic by a comparatively narrow strip of plain, the south wind is constantly bringing up against these highlands masses of heated vapour, which, even when they do not dissolve in rain, hang round the summits in heavy clouds, and wear out at last the patience of the mountaineer.

The distinctive characters of each of these regions, as well as of the equally curious though scarcely so stimulating mountain districts further east, the Styrian and Illyrian Alps—the Terlgrou group, the Karawankas, the singular chalk plateaux of the Karst—is excellently brought out by Mr. Ball, whose book is much more than a mere compendium of walking directions. One of its most considerable merits, though a merit which perhaps only a few of those who use it will know how to value, is the clearness and accuracy with which the geography of the country is described and the true connexion of the ranges with one another explained. Reading the short introductory chapters on these matters which he has prefixed to each division of the work, we cannot but regret the narrow limits of space within which he has been obliged to confine himself. Mr. Ball is an accomplished naturalist, and his occasional remarks on the geology, mineralogy, and botany of the regions through which he leads us are so full of interest, and will be so valuable to the traveller, who can seldom extract from the rustic population on the spot any information regarding the curiosities of their own valley, that we could wish they had been more copious, and given more frequently. It is true that the book is already big enough for the pocket, but as this bulk will necessarily be increased in future editions, we believe that the best course would be to divide the treatise into two parts, and let one volume treat of the North-Eastern, the other of the South-Eastern, Alps.

As regards the more strictly practical merits of the *Guide*, we have nothing but praise to bestow. Taking those parts of the Eastern Alps with which we happen to be best acquainted, we have tested its statements respecting the goodness or badness of the inns, the descriptions of passes and of routes generally, the judgment expressed on the character of the scenery, the advice given as to the points that best deserve to be visited, and we have found Mr. Ball almost invariably accurate in matters of fact, and in matters of opinion not less conspicuously judicious and practical. Throughout the book there is, moreover, a fine glow of mountain ardour. It is superfluous to say that Mr. Ball has nothing, mentally at least, in common with that tribe of vulgar climbers who have done so much to make climbing ridiculous in Continental eyes—men who undergo toil and plunge into danger for the sake of the mere brag; men who, when they reach the top of Monte Rosa on a cloudless day, and see the whole marvellous panorama spread before them from Monte Viso in the extreme west to the glittering peaks of the Ortler and the Adamello on the opposite horizon, take out their watches and cry "Five hours and three-quarters only from the Riffl; let us be off now, and see if we can't polish the whole thing off under the nine hours." But that passion for mountain scenery which is a thing by itself, distinct from the love of nature in general—a passion which has not only its artistic and scientific, but what one may almost call its mystical, side—animates Mr. Ball's pages, and gives us a pleasure in reading them even where the descriptions are couched in the most plain and business-like language. There is no attempt to be eloquent after the fashion of the word-painters, but we feel the snowy keenness of the Alpine air.

It is scarcely necessary to say that a guide-book like this, whatever its excellences, cannot pretend to exhaust the subject, and must be susceptible of additions and improvements in future editions. Mr. Ball tells us the things it most concerns the traveller to be told, and tells them clearly, agreeably, accurately. But now and then he leaves us in the dark as to much that we should desire to know, sometimes probably from want of data, sometimes from want of room. The former difficulty will diminish every year as these eastern regions are more and more thoroughly explored; the latter may be partially met by omitting some of those rather too long extracts from the journals of travellers which Mr. Ball inserts. Here and there he perplexes us by not indicating whether a statement is made on his own authority or on that of another explorer; in the account, for instance, of the Cristallo group above Cortina d'Ampezzo, we scarcely know whether we are reading Dr. Grohmann throughout, or, if not, how much Mr. Ball vouches for. The difference is sometimes of consequence, for when Mr. Ball says that an ascent is easy or dangerous, we know what we are to think about it; but the German standard of mountain difficulty is different, and Dr. Grohmann, though himself a bold and successful climber, uses terms which are meant for his countrymen.

Mr. Ball acknowledges frequently the assistance he has derived from the Austrian topographers, and speaks with especial praise of the labours of Von Sonklar. Giving all credit to the Germans for the patient assiduity with which they have laboured in this field, we cannot feel proud of what our own countrymen have done in elucidating Alpine geography and the scientific problems

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which it presents. Since the late Principal Forbes published his volume of travels some five-and-twenty years ago—a book still unequalled in its line—Englishmen have led the way, not only in mountain climbing, but in the investigation of all the physical phenomena of the Alps; and the three volumes of Mr. Ball's *Guide* contain in almost every page an honourable record of the labours they have undertaken, and the difficulties they have vanquished. It is matter for great satisfaction that the making of this record should have fallen into the hands of one who has himself done so much as Mr. Ball, who states so fairly what has been done by others, and who is so perfect a master not only of practical mountaineering, but of the art, possessed by few practical mountaineers, of clear and interesting exposition.

SALA'S ROME AND VENICE.*

MR. SALA'S book commences with a very singular apology for its appearance. It can, he says, be no secret to such readers as he possesses, that he is a Vulgarian, and that he has "never swerved from vulgarity of thought and coarseness of style" during the twenty years in which he has been writing for a livelihood. But it has often struck him "that one of the lower animals—say a dog or a pig—coarse as may be its appetites, gross its manners, and unintellectual its organization, may have more and better opportunities of judging the qualities of things which are of the earth earthly, than the Colossus, stalking along sublimely," nose in air. And the persuasion that such is the case has been, according to his own account, the chief cause of his being induced to republish the letters which form the present work.

Whatever may be thought of his other statements, there is one of Mr. Sala's assertions which no one is likely to dispute. "You might swear," he says, "finding me anywhere, that I was born in the gross atmosphere of Cockaigne." At all events it is impossible to read Mr. Sala's letters without being constantly reminded of the fact that he is a Londoner. Wherever he goes he seems to be haunted by reminiscences of the great metropolis; the smoke of the city in which he habitually dwells appears to be always going up to heaven before his eyes. When he wishes to convey an idea of the utter dreariness of provincial existence in Italy, he tells us that "it is duller than a literary and scientific conversation at Wimbledon, or the first reading of a new domestic drama in the green-room of the Theatre Royal, Cumberland Market; the influenza being rife at the time, the popular dramatic author having an impediment in his speech, the stage-manager being asleep, and the walking gentleman not on speaking terms with the leading lady." And when he is in want of a comparison of a sufficiently odious nature to be bestowed upon the Roman barrel-organs, he bethinks himself of "a series of screeches such as those once given by the macaws in the Pantheon conservatory, when they smelt the sandwiches eaten for lunch underneath the counter by the young-lady attendants in the wax-flower department."

Nor is it only of his wonted dwelling-place that Mr. Sala is given to talk somewhat out of season. His eye is a good deal on himself even when he is surrounded by the strangest of people amid the most unfamiliar of scenes, and he can never refrain for any great length of time from favouring his readers with revelations, sometimes of the most confidential nature, respecting his own condition and private history. Thus the dearness of everything at Trieste leads him to state that he and the armed rhinoceros "have by this time become brothers as regards toughness of epidermis," that his skin might be tanned like old John Ziska's and the "Wedding March" beaten upon it, and that the ordinary extortions of landlords run off him like water off a duck's back. This may be interesting to some of Mr. Sala's readers, but as much can scarcely be said for the statement, though doubtless authentic, that he once had a godmother, and that he believes she is still alive, and that he hopes "she does not suffer much anguish through the knowledge of the mess her godson has made of things generally, and of the fine market to which he has brought his pigs." Nor will persons curious about Rome and Venice be likely to thank him much for the information that "it was by means of a private undertaking that my grandmother's cousin-german obtained the privilege of supplying the Crown and Anchor Tavern with anchovy-sauce, and made that fortune which he so unkindly bequeathed to quite a different branch of the family." In dwelling on these matters Mr. Sala scarcely does justice to himself. A very slight expenditure of time and ink would have sufficed to strike out from his book many passages which, though they may have been eminently qualified to adorn the pages of the journal in which his letters originally appeared, seem out of place in such a work as that which is now before us. But all revision and excision and such-like "double trouble" are evidently as distasteful to Mr. Sala as was the repaying of borrowed money to Falstaff—a fact which is rendered sufficiently patent by the appearance of such misprints as the "*Muta* Sudans" and the "bird of love"—the fowl in question being the eagle. A busy journalist, it is true, has very little time at his disposal for the revival of any but the current day's amount of "copy," but surely the help of a friendly though alien pruning-knife might easily have been secured.

The existence, in most of his books, of such ponderous jokes or passages of dubious taste as those which we have quoted has done much to prevent Mr. Sala from obtaining that meed of

appreciation and of praise to which he is fairly entitled. Too often writing in that unpleasant position, "on the spur of the moment," he is extremely unequal, often falling far below his usual level; and as he is apt to reprint at his leisure what he has said in his haste, he is constantly exposed to the risk of being judged according to his demerits and weaknesses. And this is the more unfortunate inasmuch as few of the records of his ramblings are devoid of passages deserving of really high praise, whether for the picturesqueness of their language or the raciness of their humour. The present volume is scarcely so rich in passages of this kind as some of its predecessors were. There is no landscape in it to be compared with the weird and ghastly picture of a stony desert contained in one of the letters from the North of Spain; there is no grotesque extravagance to equal that absurd story of the Englishman whose foot-tub became the centre and the prime cause of a popular festival in some out-of-the-way village, electrified by the sight of the foreigner's extraordinary ablutions; and there is no descriptive passage to equal in picturesqueness, in humour, or in pathos that admirable scene in which, some years ago, Mr. Sala represented an Imperial visit to Marseilles. But still there is no lack, in his Roman and Venetian letters, of descriptions that are pleasant to read, of landscapes that are fair to see, and of happy sallies that delicately tickle the reader's humorous cuticle, provoking the gentle chuckle of appreciation, without exciting the coarse laugh of vulgar jocularity.

A good specimen of Mr. Sala's productions when in his absurd vein will be found in the opening of his letter from Ferrara, in which he describes the city, not as it actually exists, but as the opera of *Lucrezia Borgia* makes it out to have been. It is a capital piece of fantastic extravagance, of excellent fooling. And the continuation of the letter is also very good, in which he paints the look of horror which the city wore for him, in spite of the fact that the day was so bright and hot that

The dogs flatly refused to venture out in the sun. The very cats were chary of basking in it, and, peering from beneath archways, put one paw forward into the blaze, and then drew it back again, broiled—the very converse of boys who test with one foot the temperature of the stream in which they yearn to bathe. Shadows of deepest blue did the barred projections of the casements cast on the walls, whose laminae of lime had been cracking and scaling off for centuries beneath those pitiless rays. There was scarcely a soul abroad. Now and then you saw something living glide along close to the wall, pelted by the sun's darts, and disappear. If it was green, it was a lizard; if it was grey, it was a rat; if it was black, and wore a cassock and shovel hat, it was a priest.

Another good picture is that which Mr. Sala draws of the interior of a small Roman tavern, in which he saw seven waggoners, in Spanish mantles, brigand hats, and goatskin overalls, sitting round a table, upon the bare boards of which "a kitchen-wench, unwashed, but comely, and with a fine Roman nose, and eyes like sloes," who had thrown her white petticoat over her head, where it formed a most artistic coiffure, emptied a prodigious mountain of smoking macaroni, probably dressed with cheese, "for it smelt so strongly that one of the buffaloes in the wains outside coughed," and doubtless "accommodated with oil," for one of the waggoners' dogs was seen to lick his lips and wag his tail approvingly. All the little details of this and other similar pictures are very artistically executed, the spirit of each scene, as well as its varied colours and its effects of light and shade, being rendered with admirable effect.

Many changes have taken place in Italy since Mr. Sala wrote the letters of which his present book is composed, so that the political opinions he then expressed, and has now a second time put upon record, are a little antiquated. The historical parts of the work also have lost a good deal of the interest which they commanded when they first appeared, but still there are several passages which are well worthy of being read over again, such as that which describes the weary-looking Emperor of Austria driving up to his palace, or the account of how the "ragged and rough multitude" cheered the popular Austrian ex-governor when he took final leave of Venice, and how "the valiant and loyal little old gentleman had at first only raised his cocked-hat in military punctilio, but when he heard that sounding shout of 'Good-bye and God be with you!' he took out his white handkerchief and waved it cheerily in acknowledgment of the salute." But we prefer the social sketches, such as the description of the Italian *caffé*, which Mr. Sala not unjustly looks upon as "a kind of curse, and one of the chief causes of the backwardness, the laziness, and the general impracticability of the Italian people," who spend half their existence there, "ruining their digestion with black coffee and blacker cigars taken on fasting stomachs, neglecting their business, wasting their time, and mag, mag, mag, endlessly magging, on one invariable theme—politics." Another good picture is that of the "liberated foreigner" mounting guard, and there is some sense in the philosophical remarks which follow it, to the effect that

The reason why mounting guard is so popular abroad is because, under the pretext of doing something, it affords such a capital opportunity of doing nothing. Saunter up and down with a stick over your shoulder for two hours, or sit on a bench for two hours more, twiddling your thumbs, gossiping, dozing, or ogling the milliners' girls, and you will run some risk of being called a lazy fellow. But put a forage-cap on your head, shoulder a gun, and saunter in a measured manner, and you are on guard; you are serving your country; you are a patriot and a soldier. Standing sentry is in fact the *dolce far niente* put into uniform.

As good a specimen of the merits and the demerits of Mr. Sala's style as can well be found is that afforded by his description of a funeral procession which he happened to witness one day in Rome. The coffin was "a great painted ark" borne on poles

* *Rome and Venice, with other Wanderings in Italy in 1866-7.* By George Augustus Sala, Author of "America in the Midst of War," &c. London: Tinsley Brothers. 1869.

"apparently distraised from barbers' shops," on the shoulders of half a dozen lads in long red gowns, who staggered along in a somewhat unseemly fashion. Next came a "thurifer, with a great crucifix on the top of a pole," wearing a surplice "which had evidently not been washed since last Easter, and which was disgracefully ragged." He was followed by "an old priest in spectacles, and a young priest with many pimples on his face," both crooning forth the Office for the Dead. "The old priest had something the matter with his knee-shorts, which compelled him every two minutes or so to stop and hitch them up; and the young priest, at the imminent risk of getting a crick in his neck, was staring at the occupants of the very tall houses on either side the street, droning out his chants meanwhile and yawning occasionally, as though he found the Office for the Dead rather a bore than otherwise." The rear of the procession was brought up by the members of a Confraternity of the Dead, "their features, and all but the dim outline of their limbs, concealed under most hideous robes and hoods of bright green-baize," and they and the priests and the coffin-bearers somehow or other came into collision with the carriage in which Mr. Sala was sitting, "with a string of peasants bearing sacks of charcoal, with a dray piled with pumpkins, and drawn by two of the savage buffalo-looking oxen of the Campagna," with a knot of Dutch Zouaves, and with a mounted *contadino*. A terrific slanging match ensued, distinguished by all that richness and fulness and copiousness of scurrility which marks "the Roman allusions to the principal persons mentioned in the Scriptures." With his wonted autobiographical frankness Mr. Sala informs us that he has himself before now had words with a man in a mourning-coach, and he adds that he once saw two gentlemen "get out of a 'brougham-hearse' in the middle of Russell Square, and fight, the undertaker waiting for the purpose, and an admiring circle of partisans in hatbands and scarves cheering the combatants on from their cab-windows"; but he ends by declaring that this Roman slanging match—"the blasphemy, the Billingsgate, the tawdry coffin, the dirty surplices, the howling mummies in green-baize, and the Cross above all, like the mast of a wrecked ship visible above a stormy sea"—made up such a funeral spectacle as he had never before witnessed.

Before taking leave of Mr. Sala, we will quote one more passage, that in which he describes the "glorification" of the Apse of St. Mark's by the sunny shaft that is shot at certain hours into the midst of its shadows, when

The great recess is all at once in a blaze. Looking out of the darkness you might fancy the high altar to be on fire. Understand that this apsis is wholly covered with golden mosaic, and that in its centre is a colossal figure of the Redeemer. This golden alcove of glory, this inexhaustible treasure-chamber, this stupendous shrine glittering and trembling in its abundance of radiance, fills you at first with unspeakable awe and veneration. You do not wonder that the poor people who come here to pray, and who are crouching humbly in the tenebrous nave, muttering their orisons, should accept in this a sure and visible symbol of their salvation—that, abject, poverty-stricken, oppressed, ragged, and hungry, they should swathe their souls in those golden ceremonies, anointed to them with blessed balm; that after a toilsome day and scant pay these weary water-carriers, and flower-girls, and gondoliers, and fishermen should find, in the contemplation of the glorified shrine, peace, and consolation, and hope.

VEUILLOT'S COULEUVRES.*

SEEING that it has been maintained by Feuerbach and other sceptical writers that a malignant spirit is an element of Christianity, its champions and defenders never give deeper satisfaction to its enemies than when they write malignantly. In this way M. Louis Veuillot continues to please the unbelieving French, and his successive publications, each if possible bitterer and fouler than its predecessor, are received by the sceptical part of the population as Mr. Pickwick's onslaught was received by Dodson and Fogg. But Mr. Pickwick had a Sam Weller to draw him back and get him out of the way, whereas Louis Veuillot has no Sam Weller. The Ultramontane religious world approves of him, and the dignitaries of his Church consider him, on the whole, a useful man to throw dirt which is too nasty for them to touch. Not that they are very particular themselves in this respect, but a bishop can hardly write under the direct inspiration of that *Muse ordurière* whom Veuillot courts, and who has advanced him to his present pre-eminence.

When a French peasant speaks of a pig, he often uses a periphrase, and always apologizes for mentioning the unclean creature. Thus in one part of France the pigs are always called *les habillés de soie*, and even in speaking of them thus delicately and elegantly it is considered necessary to add the apology *sauf votre respect*. In this way a recent French review of *Les Couleuvres* never mentions M. Veuillot without adding *excusez-moi*. We will content ourselves with offering a general apology. We beg the reader to pardon us for speaking about M. Veuillot, and tender the excuse that, although foul, he is interesting as a typical specimen of the religious vituperator. Spite and scorn have become so much the habit of his mind, that even in writing about things outside of his speciality of religious vituperation he is still spiteful and scornful. We will allow this as part of his defect, and answer him softly.

For in those days
No knight of Arthur's noblest dealt in scorn;
But, if a man were halt or hunch'd, in him
By those whom God had made full-limbed and tall,
Scorn was allowed as part of his defect
And he was answered softly.

* *Les Couleuvres*. Par Louis Veuillot. Paris: Palmé. 1869.

It might be argued that since vituperation has its use, and may be a powerful weapon—nay, even under certain conditions an irresistible weapon—it is right to employ it in a good cause. Mr. Stuart Mill has shown that it may be advantageously employed by a dominant sect, but not by a weak one; that the use of it strengthens the strong and weakens the weak. It crushes the opposition of a feeble minority, but it arouses the indignation of a majority. Are M. Veuillot's books a help to the Church in France? Is the Church strong enough there to employ unmeasured vituperation without inflicting injury upon herself by arousing the indignation of the unbelieving laity? The true answer to this question seems to be that whilst M. Veuillot gives satisfaction within his own community he arouses nobody's indignation. It is almost impossible to make a Frenchman indignant about any religious matter unless he is a real Catholic, and a Catholic of an uncommonly earnest kind. This is a point on which Englishmen have the greatest difficulty in understanding the French temper. The ordinary Frenchman is as indifferent to religious matters as the ordinary Englishman is to the controversies of artists; his indifference is absolute, and nobody becomes indignant about what he does not care for in the least. But within the Church, M. Veuillot's writings have some effect, and a bad effect, because they tend to widen the great chasm which separates the world of priests and women from the active world of men. His antagonism to modern France breaks out continually, and concentrates itself in hatred to Paris as the centre of modern ideas. He hates our century, too, generally, and therefore (hating both the century and the city that he lives in) is in a state of mind liable to continual irritation. In fact, everything irritates him, and he spits upon everything. Here is his goodbye to Paris, on leaving it for the holidays:—

Bonsoir, Paris, carogne aimée!
Si quelqu'un vient, je suis sorti.
Me voici hors murs, bien parti,
Loin de ton haleine embaumée.

Vers toi s'envole la fumée;
Qu'elle t'étouffe, et que Titi,
Ton amant le mieux assorti,
Y perde sa voix enrhumée!

Par les soins de tes figaros
Invite à ton lit des escrocs
Et des Titis toujours plus sales;

Va, gueuse! et prends-en à mourir;
Et qu'on te voie enfin pourrir
Dans tes ordures colossales!

The following verses are on the subject of "our century," and are supposed to constitute an accurate picture of the present time:—

De l'art et du savoir les secrets colportés
Ne laissent nulle part subsister nul mystère;
S'il en reste un ou deux au ciel ou sur la terre
Babinet avant peu les aura dépités.

Trimm, pour un sou, nous vend les suprêmes clartés,
Et donne, en outre, un meurtre avec un adultère.
Gallimard et Ponsard commenteraient Homère;
Nous possédons les *trucs* de toutes les beautés.

Nous n'avons plus besoin pour rien d'un ciel propice.
L'homme vit par lui-même; il fait, par artifice,
Du soleil, de l'argent, du bœuf, des rois, du vin.

O siècle incomparable et fécond en merveilles! . . .
Il offense pourtant mes yeux et mes oreilles
Par trop de ressemblance avec Monsieur Havin.

Can it be necessary to remark how absurdly unjust all this is? In the first place, we are *not* unwilling to recognise the existence of mystery; on the contrary, no century has ever been so willing to admit it, because no century has ever been so much imbued with the scientific spirit. Take a single point as an example. A hundred years since, everybody could tell you the exact date, or something very near the exact date, of the creation of the world, but now this is an acknowledged mystery. And so in literary criticism, a century ago everybody knew who wrote every ancient book, but now it is admitted that the authorship of many ancient books cannot be positively ascertained. Even the grounds of the moral relations between men, and of duty, about which no mystery whatever was formerly believed to exist, are now admitted to present serious difficulties which have not yet been cleared away, though many earnest men in different countries are patiently seeking for more light. The sneer at the scientific spirit of investigation (personified in M. Babinet) is unjust in this, that it implies a light and easy confidence in the immediate removal of all mysteries, which is not only foreign to the modern scientific spirit, but even directly opposed to it. In fact, the leaders of science inform us that many of the great mysteries they recognise must remain for ever insoluble.

The sneers at literature in the second stanza show an equal want of comprehension of the modern spirit. It is a part of the craft of the satirist to make it appear that his victims sell their talents à vil prix.

Trimm, pour un sou, nous vend les suprêmes clartés.
Timothée Trimm (M. Léo Lespès) is not a great literary man, and from his enormous productiveness (an article a day, regularly) it is clear that he must often touch upon subjects that he has not really studied; but the sneer at the pecuniary cheapness of his talent is ridiculous. Few journalists have ever earned so large an income as M. Léo Lespès. To put it in a form intelligible to M. Veuillot, he earns as much as seven French bishops, and this pecuniary success is the measure of his vast influence, since he writes in the halfpenny papers. Almost every workman in France

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reads Timothée Trimm, and there is not a writer living, except Mr. Charles Dickens, whose pen has such extensive influence amongst the people. And this popular literature, especially when (as in the case in question) the writer is a *chroniqueur* touching upon many subjects in lively and readable essays, finds in its very cheapness an element of power. The Church herself has a cheap press, and sells *suprêmes clartés* at as low a figure as possible. It would have been in better taste to let M. Havin alone just after he was dead, but M. Veuillot is incapable of restricting himself within the limits of decency. Having insulted M. Havin during his life, he must now have a kick at his corpse.

M. Veuillot's hatred of Paris and the Parisians finds perhaps its most intense expression in a poem entitled "Quitter Paris":—

Sur plus d'alignement quel monde plus servile
Prend sa loi des journaux, des filles, des tailleurs ?
Quel pavé voit grouiller populace plus vile ?
Je ne saurais jamais tant m'ennuyer ailleurs !

What is hateful in satire of this kind is its determination to see everything on the unfavourable side, to be as uncharitable and as misanthropic as it can. M. Veuillot is determined to see nothing good in the population of Paris because it is not very ardently Catholic; is, in fact, decidedly anti-clerical. But, studied from a human rather than a clerical point of view, the Parisians are not altogether vile. How ill the world could spare Paris, with her artistic culture and her intellectual light! How many noble lives are led within the wide circle of her fortifications—lives devoted to the best labour of the mind, and marked by a simplicity as to externals which is all the more striking and admirable that it is surrounded by so much luxury! There is no place in the world where a man of talent may live more genially and happily—where his poverty, if he happens to be poor, is so slight an obstacle to the attainment of a pleasant and respected place in the world. The temper of the Parisian lower classes, as contrasted with the temper of the French peasantry, is remarkable, too, for great kindness and sympathy. There are probably few cities in the world, and not a single country province, where the poor help each other so much. M. Veuillot complains of *ennui* in Paris, but Paris is the last place in the world where an intelligent man would suffer from *ennui*. It is a sinful place, no doubt, but it is not a more sinful place than Rome, and we fear that London and New York are little better. The explanation of M. Veuillot's hatred of Paris is that he hates the modern spirit of which Paris is the metropolis and home.

We cannot say much in favour of the literary quality of M. Veuillot's book. The versification is often extremely poor, as for instance in the following verses, which, being printed in italics, and at the beginning of the book, ought to have been rather more careful in structure:—

Comme il est écrit sans faconde,
Comme il fut pens sans apprêt,
Je n'entends pas ce que le livre
M'attire une estime profonde.
Mais comme en raison abonde
En mainte page, l'on pourrait
Me supposer un plan secret
De me moquer du pauvre monde.
Je ne suis point si mal appris !
Je n'ai ni haine ni mépris
Pour la naïve espèce humaine.
Je dirai plus : je l'aime un peu ;
Cela, tu le verras sans peine,
Lecteur, si tu sais lire.—Adieu.

Let us, in conclusion, express the hope that M. Veuillot's condition of mind is not a common one amongst the members of the clerical party in France. A more spiteful and malignant writer does not exist. The idea of justice seems to have no place in the man's brain. In the name of religion he utters the most outrageous slanders, and then grins with horrible satisfaction at his own foulness. No wonder that Paris should be disagreeable to him; the place he lives in must always be disagreeable to him. Even the priests who employ his pen cannot respect him. The wonder is that the Church should be willing to accept aid from such a source.

WARD'S LECTURES ON THE HOUSE OF AUSTRIA.*

WE trust that these Lectures are the forerunners of something on a larger scale from the same hand. There is probably no living Englishman so well fitted to deal with the German history of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries as Mr. Ward. If we had no other means of knowing the fact, the little book before us would go a long way to persuade us of it. How far the lectures were effective as lectures we do not at all know, and we should greatly like to know. They were delivered before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, and we are bound to suppose that an audience of Edinburgh philosophers will understand many things which an ordinary audience would not understand. An ordinary audience, we feel sure, would not go away from Mr. Ward's lectures with any very clear idea of the Thirty Years' War. The case is much the same as with Mr. Ward's Translation of Ernst Curtius. We ventured to think that a writer less thoroughly saturated with German scholarship than Mr. Ward would really make a better trans-

lation from German into English. So here he is in a manner crushed under the weight of his own subject. There is so much to be crowded into a small compass, and he has the whole story so thoroughly at his fingers' ends, that he seems hardly to make enough allowance for the necessary ignorance of his hearers. As it is the great temptation to do in such cases, Mr. Ward falls into a sort of allusive way of telling his story, which is effective with those who know it well already, but which is apt to be puzzling to those who do not. But, as we before said, we are perhaps judging an Edinburgh audience by audiences of a meaner clay, and, if the philosophers of Modern Athens could follow Mr. Ward with ease through the whole course of these two lectures, we are thoroughly glad to hear it. One thing is certain; whatever effect the lectures may have had as lectures, they abundantly show how thoroughly competent Mr. Ward is to undertake the subject in some form which will not compel him so painfully to compress his knowledge into a small compass. He shows throughout that thorough mastery of the time of which he is speaking without which a man has no right to undertake a great historical subject. His study of the Thirty Years' War has plainly been no holiday work. He has gone thoroughly into the matter; he has looked at it from all sides, and he has approached it in a spirit of genuine criticism and impartiality. He has that vigorous and trenchant way of dealing with things which comes from thorough familiarity with the times and events of which he is speaking. In short, we have often read lectures which we should think must have been more attractive and effective at their delivery; but we have never read any lectures which bear more thoroughly the impress of one who has a true and vigorous grasp of the subject in hand, none which give us richer promise of what we are likely to have if the author ever throws the results of his labours into a more congenial shape.

Mr. Ward's subject, it must be remembered, is not the Thirty Years' War, but the House of Austria during the Thirty Years' War. This carries him back for a long time before the beginning of the war, while the later stages of the war itself are somewhat hurried over. To set forth the position of the House of Austria when the great war began, it is necessary to sketch the career of the German branch of it from Charles the Fifth, or indeed from Maximilian, onwards. Mr. Ward sketches off the successive princes of the family in a vigorous and epigrammatic style. Maximilian is, "in poetry and prose, saluted as 'the Last German Knight,' while in truth he ought to be remembered as the first German *Landsknecht*." Charles the Fifth "entered into a conflict with the spirit of the German nation." To him that nation "came to owe its permanent disintegration." Charles, in fact, was too much of an Emperor, he held too much of a really Imperial position, he came too near to being a true "mundi dominus," to succeed as a national King in Germany or anywhere. We think, however, that Mr. Ward and the German writers whom he follows look rather too much on Charles as a Spaniard. Surely the peculiarity of Charles's position is the truly Imperial characteristic of belonging to no nation in particular. But, so far as Charles of Ghent could be said to have any nationality, it was surely Flemish rather than Spanish. All that Mr. Ward says of Charles's German reign is a specimen of his best manner, and he gives in a short space the result of no small thought and reading. We would except only an incomprehensible sentence in which he says that Charles "caused the princes who were individually impotent against him to identify the *unsolidation of their territorial autonomy* with the national cause." Here we come very near to meeting the Insoluble. We can only guess that "unsolidation" is somehow the opposite to "solidarity." But till we know what "solidarity" means, this does not make us much the wiser. But we will let Mr. Ward off for his "unsolidation" on the strength of a passage which does one good to read:—

The French King had, for the first time, crossed the frontier as *rex liberatus Germanice*; and though his German allies were eager to withdraw from the shameful league, France clung to the prize which she had cheaply secured—clung to it, till a century afterwards it was legally incorporated in the French monarchy in the Peace of Westphalia. And thus Germany, which to the dynastic ambition of the greatest of the Habsburgs owed the perpetuation of her weakness, saw the greed and the terror of his opponents begin a new page in her history—the most shameful which its records contain. France henceforth had a footing in the Empire; nor has she ever since awoke from the hallucination that a river German on either bank, from source to sea, was designed by nature—for it is nature who is credited with the device—as a boundary-line.

The notion about the frontier of the Rhine is a memorable instance of the way in which it is possible to say a thing over and over again till people believe it, perhaps till the speaker believes it himself. When the historical limits of the Rhine and the Saône are once passed, why stop at the Rhine? Why not the Elbe, the Vistula, or the Dnieper? The armies of the Great Nation have visited them all.

Then came Ferdinand the First, then Maximilian the Second. We are here reminded of that brilliant essay of Lord Macaulay which set forth in how large a portion of its possessions the Roman Catholic religion was in the position of a ruler who had been driven out and who has returned from banishment. That Austria is now Roman Catholic was, as every reader of that essay will remember, the work of the Jesuit reaction of those days. Under Ferdinand, who "played fast and loose with the privileges conceded by him to his Protestant subjects, without giving violent umbrage to either side"—under Maximilian, tolerant on principle, Protestantism had conquered well nigh the

* *The House of Austria in the Thirty Years' War.* Two Lectures, with Notes and Illustrations. By Adolphus William Ward, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co. 1869.

whole of the Austrian dominions. But, as Mr. Ward says, "the virtues and the weaknesses of Maximilian combined to ripen the situation for the outbreak of the Great War":—

As it was, in Austria and Styria the Protestant lords were allowed the free exercise of their religion; and with the aid of pastors from Wittenberg, fast converted their tenantry; while in Bohemia religious liberty was virtually permitted; Silesia and Moravia as usual sharing the fortunes of the sister-dominion. Yet it was not toleration by an individual sovereign, but a legally-defined position, independent of the individuality of himself or his successors, which Maximilian, warned by his knowledge of the character of his probable successor, should have bestowed upon Protestantism, if he was really minded to open a new era for his states. A charter such as the Bohemians afterwards extorted from Rhodolph might, if granted by Maximilian, have founded religious liberty upon a basis which even the determination of Ferdinand II. would have proved unable to shake; while the permanent establishment of the privileges of the Austrian and Styrian Estates would have proved an obstacle to the same prince in the first step which he took towards the great reaction.

Then, in 1576, after the second Maximilian, came the second Rudolf, whose name, by the way, Mr. Ward writes in the somewhat uncouth-looking form of Rhodolph. But Mr. Ward's portrait of the stargazing Emperor is one of the best things in his book. Nowhere does his power of terse, keen, epigrammatic expression come out more strongly. Rudolf "was one of those princes who, like Louis XV. of France, seem passive instruments in the hands of the evil genius of their people." "His courtiers called him a Solomon; but even in the prime of his years he was a Solomon in his dotage." He "sat in his chamber, where perpetual silence was enjoined, dreaming over the horoscopes of foreign ambassadors, the single kind of inquiry which he was interested in addressing to them." One is reminded of other studies of Mr. Ward's when we hear of "Philip Lang, a vile minion, characterized by all the sensuality and recklessness of a Cæsarean freedman." Here again we cannot withhold an extract:—

By education he was a Spaniard; for, during the childhood of the wretched epileptic Don Carlos, Philip, uncertain as to the life of his sole heir, had been fain to bring up the Archduke and his brother Ernest at his own court as possible successors to his thrones. The influences of a court which, in the opinion of Catherine de' Medici, transformed even her daughter, a Medici and a Valois, into a thorough Spaniard, and which actually thus transformed a son of William of Orange—had deepened the natural gloom of a mind in which, as in that of more than one other Habsburg, rankled the fatal heritage of the mad Joanna. When in his twenty-fifth year Rhodolph ascended his thrones, he brought with him the manners and sentiments, but not the indefatigable energy of the Spanish king; nor the belief in himself which, notwithstanding the philippics of distinguished historians, saves the royal scribe of the Escorial from the contempt of posterity.

Our readers may perhaps remember that we have always held that Mr. Motley rather overdid matters in his utter depreciation of Philip the Second, whom Mr. Ward hits off in his best manner as "the royal scribe of the Escorial." We are glad to find Mr. Ward taking the same line.

We leap over Matthias to Ferdinand the Second, who "enters under widely different conditions indeed, but with virtually the same ends, upon a resumption of the task of Charles the Fifth." "A man devoid of genius but strong of will," he "consciously resumed what seemed to have become a hopeless task." That task is "to crush out heresy, and to establish a monarchy which, from Baltic to Adriatic, shall be one in allegiance and one in faith." His portrait is drawn with as vigorous a hand as the portrait of Rudolf; but we must hasten on. Mr. Ward's subject is, at least indirectly, the Thirty Years' War, and in most minds the main interest of the Thirty Years' War gathers round the name of Gustavus. Let us see how the great Protestant champion appears in the eye of Mr. Ward. He is less full about him than we could have wished, but his view of the Swedish King's policy is clearly set forth:—

Gustavus Adolphus—of this there remains no doubt—aspired to no less a prize than the Imperial crown. But it was not his intention to wrest it from Ferdinand. Rather, it appears to result from his entire course of action, that he designed to carve out for himself with his sword a great territory, by the tenure of which he would become a great German prince, entitled at Ferdinand's death to claim the German crown, to which he should have been in the lifetime of the defeated Emperor appointed the successor.

Lastly we have Ferdinand the Third, we have the end of the war, we have the weary diplomacy of Münster and Osnabrück, and we have the Peace of Westphalia. We have the Imperial dignity cut down to a shadow, but still retaining that strange life which enabled it to drag on through another century and a half of being. "Shorn and mutilated, the Empire had become a mere aggregate of independent territories." "What was the Emperor now beyond a president among his peers?" Worse still, France is "satisfied," satisfied "with German territory, and with what she prizes still more dearly, the opportunities of future interference." These and many other subjects Mr. Ward glances at; he only glances at them, but he glances at them in a way which makes us long for a fuller treatment of them by the same hand. Mr. Ward says that the labours of Ranke have made a history of the Thirty Years' War possible. We trust that he will practically show that it is so.

ECHOES IN PLANT AND FLOWER LIFE.*

ABOUT this time last year we noticed an interesting provocative to the study of the *Trees of Old England* from the pen of Mr. Grindon, and owned the charm of his intelligent and enthusiastic descriptions of the phenomena of tree-life. He has now put

* *Echoes in Plant and Flower Life.* By Leo H. Grindon, Lecturer in Botany at the Royal School of Medicine Manchester. London: F. Pitman, 1869.

forth a similar little book on the *Echoes of Plant and Flower Life*, calculated to inspire even indifferent bystanders with a curiosity to know more of botany, and to teach beginners how much food there is in plant-life for the poetic mind. Unless where his subject runs away with him, and he is betrayed into surmises as to the admiration with which Penelope must have regarded the hyacinthine locks of Ulysses (p. 105), there is nothing in this little volume that is not in good taste; and what there is of sentiment never descends to maudlin, but is mainly justified by the subject-matter. The author indeed is to be welcomed as one who brings to keen investigation a mind the very reverse of sceptical, which applies every discovery to the vindication rather than the calling in question of providential economies. Gifted with a lively fancy and an observant receptive mind, he is quicker to spy concord than discords. "To me," he writes, "it is still a fact of most pleasant recollection that in the balanced beauty of the swinging anthers of the woodbine lay one of the earliest incitements I received to the study of flower-structure." He claims for a rightly-conceived "Language of Flowers" (not the "Oriental," nor its frivolous latter-day expansion) the rank of "an integral portion of genuine botany which does not concern itself alone with forms and surfaces, but rises from these considerations, after mastering them, to scrutiny as to how plants procure their living, what they have to say for themselves, alike for the glory of God and the delight and instruction of man. He who stays among the forms and surfaces is only a vegetable anatomist—expert and learned, it may be, as to externals—but he is no botanist till he asks what do these things signify? Both occupations are good; let neither observer look with disparagement on the other. One is Lucretius enumerating the phenomena; the other is Virgil extracting and portraying the loveliness."

By his title, "*Echoes*," Mr. Grindon explains that he does not mean resemblances, such as are the basis of popular nomenclature or scientific classification, found in superficial aspect or relative affinities; not real family likenesses, or illusive resemblances that might pass for such; but, as he expresses it, "resonances from things of another substance," the action of which he illustrates, in his own style, "by the tree in the ancient forest calling to the blossom on the hills; and the fern in the dell calling to the weed on the beach." These echoes or resonances he teaches us to apprehend in the general aspect and figure of plants, in their leaf, flower, bracts and calyces, stamens and pistils, fruit, seed, colour, and odours; and this teaching he divides into six chapters, followed by a brief conclusion. And, under whichever of these heads we test his principles and research, we shall find equal ground for satisfaction. For example, touching echoes of plan and figure in his first chapter, he points out how the passion-flowers, and the gourd and melon race (cucurbitaceæ), although differing widely in blossom, correspond almost exactly in stem and foliage, habit, and tendrils. The passion-flower fruit is a miniature gourd; the gourd ripens "titanesque passion-flower berries." Both are naturally climbers, and equally throw out "great curling claspers, like wire bell-strings, which often midway reverse the direction of the coil." To this illustration Mr. Grindon appends an interesting notice of the various climbing instruments of different plants. Those above-mentioned send out their tendrils from the axils of the leaves, or the angles formed by the union of leaf and stem. Some, like the Gloriosa of the East Indies, and the Mutisias, cling by the attenuated and twisted extremities of their leaves. Others, like the Tropæolum and Clematis, and the Ramping Fumitory, supply their lack of tendrils by curling their leaf-stalks. The Virginian creeper puts out sprays of tentacula, each long fibre of which ends with a viscid cementing knob; and in two other plants, quite distinct and unallied, the leaf-stalks, as soon as the blade is withered, harden into hooks. Under the same head we learn how the Villarsia, an aquatic member of that terrestrial and Alpine family the Gentians, echoes the Nymphæas and water-lilies, and is "an Undine among the wild flowers"; and how the tropical palm tree is echoed in miniature as to its "coronal of pinnate leaves" by the Oxalis, or wood-sorrel, which in sensitiveness, if we may take Mr. Grindon's experience as conclusive on this sometimes disputed point, echoes the Mimosa. The palm-cyperus, akin in race and foliage to the sedges, is also palm-like in its top; and what it and the Oxalis are to the palm, the "Equiseta" or "horse-tails" are to the conifers, minute and mimic counterparts.

In his *Trees of Old England* Mr. Grindon was very instructive and entertaining upon leaf-forms; and into the second chapter of his present volume he throws much curious matter as to their "echoes." Of plants with peltate leaves—that is, circular leaves with a dimple in the centre, and a stalk attached to the point of the underside of the leaf which corresponds to this dimple, "as a pillar to a work-table"—the grandest example is the Egyptian Lotus, or *Nelumbium Speciosum*. This rises out of the water in forties and fifties, like green plates a foot across, upon stalks ascending to fully the height of a man. A middling echo to these is found in the leaves of the "caper-nasturtium," whose botanical name, "*Tropæolum*," bears witness to their supposed resemblance to those great round shields which were the *pièce de résistance* of a trophy. But our author notes a tinier echo still, in the "fairies' tables" of the "*Hydrocotyle Vulgaris*," the marsh-pennywort of our moors and pastures, and the "*Cotyledon Umbilicus*," or navelwort, that springs out of wall-chinks and tree-fissures. This last echoes the Lotus, not only in its form of leaf, but in its epiphytic, and not parasitic, character. He has much also to say on the echoes of oblique leaves, those curious blades one side of

whose midrib doubles, and sometimes trebles, the other; of holly-shaped, fork-veined, and feather-like leaves respectively. These last mark the foliage of all that family of trees the fruit of which is contained in some sort of cup or bowl. The exactness with which in its tiny capsule the little "Pimpernel" echoes these grander "cupulifera" is the signal to Mr. Grindon for one of his characteristic outbreaks of poetic fancy, an allusion to Helen's quest of a meet vase of gold to offer to her gods. Prosaic folks will find marvel enough in his data about dotted leaves, which, however diverse in family, agree for the most part in being resinous, or aromatic. So it is with the leaves of the myrtle, orange, and lemon; and, not confined to tropical plants, these oil-specked translucent dots mark the familiar St. John's worts of our temperate zone. To discern them the leaf requires to be held between the eye and the light, for though one St. John's wort (*Hypericum*) is called "perforatum," the specks in question are oil-glands, not actual holes. In his remarks on the venation of flower and tree leaves, Mr. Grindon includes a recipe for copying these by the "chromotype" process, depending on chemicals and sunshine. The mention of these odorous leaves carries us to the sixth chapter, on scents and colours. Most persons are aware of the reproduction of the scent of the Indian fruit by the lemon-scented verbenas of Chili, and of the more ignoble echo of cherry-tart in the heliotrope. But here we have the odours of peppermint and garlic repeated in divers flowering-plants of the Cape and of Jamaica, and the smell of musk given out by divers unconnected flowers of various class and clime. Here too we learn the curious property of the orchids, summarizing and recapitulating much that belongs to other classes of plants. Not only do some of them echo the musky odour; but others reproduce the fruit-scents—apple, citron, strawberry, and the aromatics—clove and cinnamon and vanilla. And we are reminded—after learning that odour is of the essence of a flower—how curious are the relations between colour and scent. "Blue and scent rarely go together. White flowers, as a rule, are fragrant; orange-coloured, brownish, and lurid ones are generally disagreeable." But it must suffice to have glanced at those interesting facts, as there are features in the intervening chapters which must not pass unnoticed. In discussing the echoes of the "flower," Mr. Grindon notes the twofold scope of their teaching and use—their physical and moral intent. He recognises in flower-life an echo of man's life. The physical end of both is reproduction; but he regards flower-life as having for its other office to assist man by its analogies and echoes to interpret the mysteries of his own nature. Our author delights in moralizing on these real or apparent analogies. Thus, after enumerating the echoes of different fashions of inflorescence by members of families whose normal floral arrangement would not justify such an echo, and noting how the azure *Jasione*, a flowret of the bell-shaped order, echoes the alien "*Scabiosa arvensis*," he is led by the seeming watch which the latter keeps upon the wayfarer from out of the hedgerow to touch the question of the "consciousness of flowers"—one which we might have expected him, with Wordsworth and the "Sketcher," to answer affirmatively. But he resists the *amabilis insania*, and holds theirs to be a much less elevated poetry than "that which contemplates the lofty indifference of nature" parallel with, but independent of, man's concerns and feelings.

Perhaps, however, it is when he contemplates "bract" and "calyx" (stalk-leaf and flower-cup), and stamen and pistil, that the variety of Mr. Grindon's research is most pleasantly apparent. In pp. 60-1 he shows how, in the grander *Euphorbias* of tropical South America and of Madagascar, what seems a superb scarlet corolla is only the leaf aping the colour of the blossom, the intensely coloured "bract" eclipsing the petal, the flowers themselves being comparatively insignificant beads. Our roadside supply an illustration of this in the sage-like *Clary* (*Salvia Verbenaca*), of which the flower is insignificant in comparison with the tufty "bracts" of rose or violet. Upon this phenomenon the author remarks, "that wherever the subordinate part of a plant successfully emulates the aspect and complexion of a higher one, the latter foregoes its prerogative, and, though retaining all its functions and usefulness, becomes comparatively plain and unattractive." A compensatory law of singular interest! Again, after enunciating the rule of *three or five* calycine pieces in every *evident* corolla, according as it owns the queendom of lily or rose, he has a sound and instructive reflection on such exceptions to the rosaceous type as the fuchsias, the evening primrose, and the woodruff, all of which are four-petaled and have but four calycine pieces. He accounts for these as results of "some singular law of non-development, not yet visible to man," as is proved by "the incessant effort of individuals to attain the full or fivefold character." This effort is proved by abundant quinary examples of the above-named flowers, which are not therefore "monstrosities," but rather struggles to return to the normal type. Nothing in the lily tribes echoes the pentamerous structure of the rose, though the converse occurs in the ternary flower of the berberry. When liliaceous plants echo their rosaceous rivals, it is in tint and texture, due to their calyx and corolla appearing to be a flower of six petals. The calyx in the chief liliaceous tribes almost rises to the petaloid condition. A very quotable passage in this chapter is that which results from the author's observation of the so-called "sleep of flowers," and in which he notes how, in one way or another, the outer petals of flowers protect the tender inner parts from cold and wet. But we must refer our readers to it, as also to the main features of Mr. Grindon's interesting remarks upon stamens and pistil, fila-

ments, anthers, pollen, and all the curious organisms for plant production, in which they will find not only a complete array of facts deserving to be known, but also many hints as to parallels and resemblances hitherto perhaps undreamed of. In every page we find the same tone of reverence for nature's perfect work. Touching upon the exceptional instances of solitary stamens, he bids us learn from "such curious withholding of parts and organs" nature's design "to show how easily, and at the same time how most thoroughly, she can accomplish a given end after apparently cancelling the means and instruments." Discussing, further on, the different movements of the anthers, with an aim to discharge their pollen, when

Lo! with inward curling force, each fine and slender thread
Elastic springs to find its mate, and with its like to wed—

he notices "the courtesies in flower-life" which are discoverable in some of these. In the centre of the *Parnassia*, a veined white flower of buttercup size and shape,

stands a conical purplish ovary, around which, while young, kneel five sulphur-coloured anthers. Presently one of these enlarges considerably; the filament elongates to such an extent as to enable it to incline over the ovary, which it kisses and then retires; meanwhile the anther of the next alternate stamen is swelling, and becoming lifted so as to enable it to fulfil the same design; then rises the stamen next alternate to the preceding one, and finally the two last rise nearly together, so that not one of the five is left absolutely to the last. Eventually all five (usually casting off their emptied anthers) lie back horizontally among their petals, forming a five-rayed star; in due time the ovary becomes a capsule of innumerable seeds, resembling the finest sawdust, and next year the ground is whitened anew with the floral snow.

We have said enough to show that the author of "Echoes" is gifted with a poet's vision and fancy; and we can cordially recommend the book to such readers as require an attractive cicerone to guide them across the threshold of botanical science.

ENGLISH HOMES IN INDIA.*

A NOTICE prefixed to these volumes by the publishers informs us that the writer is "an accomplished member of a family whose name is conspicuous in Indian story"; and further, that, as she is now resident in India, the book has not had the benefit of her final supervision. Any blemishes are therefore to be set down to the author's absence, whilst her descriptions of society are to be accepted as at least first-hand. The apology must go for what it is worth in accounting for certain little defects in the narrative, which show a want either of literary experience or of careful correction, but which are by no means very annoying; they consist chiefly in certain unnecessary chapters by which the stories are eked out to their detriment as artistic wholes. The merit claimed for the descriptions may also be admitted in so far as they are obviously the work of a person familiar with the scenery. The claim, however, is rather misleading if it induces any reader to anticipate glowing accounts of Indian scenery, or very vivid pictures of Indian life. We should say that description is by no means the author's forte. There is a due sprinkling of the regular Indian names—we open upon such words as tiffin and dirzee and gharree and gindee, and many others used with abundant freedom—but they do not by themselves give a very strong local colouring. We are not brought any nearer to the Indian landscape, or to the indefinable atmosphere of Eastern life, than in any average book of travels, and most people are tolerably familiar with all the positive facts that they are likely to find mentioned. The stories have the fault, common with inexperienced writers, of being too much crowded with incident. The author is evidently afraid to an unreasonable extent of being dull; she will not give herself space to fill up the details of her plot; one catastrophe is hurried upon another till we are out of breath with the rapidity of the changes; and we thus have merely the skeleton of a novel, without the due covering of flesh and blood. Yet the author has some decided merits, which make one at least of the two stories very amusing. She is obviously full of a feminine impetuosity which gives a certain intensity to her style, and which occasionally leads to rather irrelevant outbreaks. For no particular reason, she explodes at one place into a totally irrelevant denunciation of the mobocracy, tyranny of brute force, and other evils illustrated, in her opinion, by the American war. She keeps more closely to her subject in denouncing the Sepoy rebellion, and exalting the marvellous heroism exhibited by her countrymen in 1857. "My pulse throbs to-day," she says in the character of one of her heroes, "as it did ten years ago, whenever I think of that tale of loathsome treachery and villainous cruelty. I could as soon find excuses in my brain, benevolence in my heart, towards the fiends of darkness, as to those their messengers on earth, if I let myself think of it; and therefore I may not think thereon."

Burns, we know, succeeded in finding a certain amount of compassion even for "auld Nickie-ben"; and we will hope that in time the author may learn to speak with less ferocity even of a mutinous Sepoy. Meanwhile her gush of vehemence, though rather out of character in the mouth of a male narrator, shows us a little of her real state of feeling. She is evidently in full sympathy with the genuine old Indian of the days before the mutiny or competition-wallahs; she partakes their prejudices, feels for their grievances, and is indignant with every one who presumes to find fault with them. She is exceedingly proud—and we have no wish to complain of her pride—of the great statesmen and soldiers who have built up our Indian empire. The

* *English Homes in India*. 2 vols. London: W. H. Allen & Co. 1869.

worst villain whom she introduces is a wretched being who declares that "England is ripe for a republic," abuses a "vile aristocracy and a bloated priesthood," and is abandoned enough to hold that Englishmen habitually bully the natives and trample upon their dearest prejudices. This wretch is of course white with fear during an attack of the mutineers upon a small English garrison, and is threatened with immediate execution by a noble lieutenant in the army for making certain proposals savouring of treachery or pusillanimous surrender. The lady has certain qualms as to the propriety of actually striking a Hindoo, though one of her pet heroes is in the habit of doing so under provocation. He apologizes for his action to a lady fresh from England, but it is distinctly intimated that this is a fault on the right side. The unlucky native whom he knocks down, and who has committed the further unpardonable crime of getting rich at the expense of an incapable English employer—aided by the diabolical cringing and flattery practised by his abandoned race—is not suffered to escape without poetical justice. He is detected with rebel despatches, and summarily hanged, in spite of a feeble suggestion of the heroine that he might as well be pardoned. In short, the writer has a true feminine admiration of the most unqualified kind for her own countrymen and all their actions, and we can guess, without being expressly told, what is her opinion of Mr. Mill and Governor Eyre.

The principal moral of the book, so far as it has any particular moral, is the extreme difficulty of keeping out of debt in India. Of her two stories, the first depends almost entirely upon the fearful financial difficulties which involve an unlucky English family, the chief member of which is an engineer on an Indian railway. In spite of the best intentions on their own part, and owing partly to giving the Hindoo credit for some approach to honesty, they are ultimately brought to the verge of ruin; and the heroine is compelled to marry, with a view to serving her relations. In the other story, almost every person concerned is steeped to the very eyes in debt, and the most amiable find refuge from their troubles in a premature death. Indeed, there is a certain melancholy tone in both the stories, from the constant impecuniosity of all the actors, and the excessive mortality amongst them and their children. The author slays them right and left with an unmerciful hand, though she manages to tack a happy conclusion to a rather dismal story. If we were to sum up her accounts of Indian life shortly, we should say that the normal career of an Englishman in that unhappy country was to begin by getting into debt; then to marry, and get deeper into debt still; then to have children, who plunge him a degree further into the same hopeless bondage; and, finally, to be reduced to such a state that only two modes of escape are open—either the death of most of his family, which is highly probable, or the acquisition of a fortune by marriage or inheritance, which is scarcely to be expected except in novels. The natives have many faults, especially an unpleasant one of acting as leeches upon their masters' fortunes; but, if treated with a firm hand, they have also some considerable merits. These, however, are chiefly to be found amongst servants of the old school.

It is perhaps unfair to deduce from a novel any definite series of propositions of this kind. Probably the lady may have meant to give on the whole a different impression from that which her readers may derive. If she had written an essay instead of a novel, she would doubtless have given a more careful account of the matter. We will endeavour, therefore, to make her amends for any unintentional misrepresentation of her meaning by the willing admission that she shows considerable talent. The characters, though not drawn at much length, are forcibly sketched, and the ladies at any rate are lifelike and agreeable. The story called "The Wrong Turning" is, on the whole, very spirited. The plot is indeed bold in the extreme, and reminds us more of one of Edgar Poe's devices than of the domestic British novelist. The distinguished Count Schucksen invented by Captain Marryat may possibly have given the hint. That gentleman, as our readers will remember, is the butterfly of which Mr. Chucks, the boatswain, was the chrysalis. Having the good fortune to be left for dead in an officer's uniform, he passes himself off upon the Swedes as a British nobleman, and becomes an admiral in their service. The adventures of Mr. Elgin in "The Wrong Turning" are still more startling. By a lucky combination of circumstances he manages to assume the character of a rich cousin, who dies on board the same ship in which he is sailing, and who happens to be exactly his double in personal appearance. By this means he not only obtains admission into the Indian Civil Service, but, what is still more surprising, he manages after a few years to pass himself off upon the family of the man personated. He thus finds himself heir to a baronetcy and a large fortune, and provided with a pair of beautiful sisters, and a large circle of connexions and admirers. The story is so well managed that we are quite ready to yield that amount of credulity which may be fairly demanded for the appreciation of a novel. Indeed, given two or three very singular coincidences, there is no particular reason why the trick should not succeed under the peculiar circumstances described. The plot is very well adapted to produce the necessary situations for illustrating Indian life; and we must leave it to our readers to discover in the book itself the progress and ultimate fate of the virtuous impostor—for it is perhaps the most singular circumstance of all that the young gentleman turns out to be a pattern of admirable qualities. The other story is inferior in ingenuity, though there is a certain audacity in its

construction. A young lady is supposed to have three lovers in succession. She returns the affection of the first two, one of whom turns out to be a scamp, whilst the other is summarily killed off; she then marries the third, without caring for him particularly, and the match turns out to be a very happy one. It would be a neat problem for a young novelist to work out this plot so as to make it tolerably natural, and yet to preserve our esteem for the heroine. When we say that the author of *English Homes in India* performs this feat very satisfactorily, we have implied that she has really some skill as a story-teller. And if she were a little less anxious to bring out morals about Indian society and politics, and would write her stories frankly, without any purpose beyond that of amusing her readers, we see no reason why she should not succeed exceedingly well, besides being quite as instructive as she is at present. If there must be a moral in a story, it should not be given raw, but be left for the discovery of the inquiring reader as resulting spontaneously from the whole character of the book.

GERMAN LITERATURE.

WHILE the fate of Livingstone is still in suspense, the attention of the geographical world is invited to the remains of another African traveller who has been frequently mentioned of late years. Baron von der Decken* does not appear to have enriched geographical science by any remarkable discovery. We find, at least, none recorded in this first volume of his travels, nor have we any reason to suppose that any was made by him. His claims to respect are derived partly from the literary merit of his work, and still more from his personal character and the almost unique position he occupies among African explorers. Noble by birth, and possessed of an ample fortune, he forsook the European society he was so well qualified to adorn, and devoted himself with astonishing persistency to the exploration of East Africa. Four unsuccessful expeditions failed to damp his ardour, and he perished in a fifth. To this title to respect will now be added the association with his name of a work of singular ability and interest. It is not properly his, for, although based upon his notes, it owes its attractive form to the pen of Dr. Otto Kersten, the companion of some of his earlier expeditions. Great part of its value is also due to the papers and sketches of a young Englishman, Mr. Richard Thornton, who, after leaving Dr. Livingstone's expedition, with which he was originally connected, joined the Baron, and perished with him. Thornton was a man of science, which Decken apparently was not. The value of his observations, and the graphic power of his descriptions, are handsomely acknowledged by Dr. Kersten, who has, indeed, frequently fused the notes of Decken and Thornton into a continuous narrative. We imagine, however, that the most interesting portion of this first volume is principally due to his own pen. It is the copious and picturesque description of the city of Zanzibar, the great centre of civilization and commerce on the inhospitable coast of East Africa. A more lively picture has rarely been traced. As a great commercial city, Zanzibar naturally exhibits an immense variety of nations, creeds, manners, and costumes. It may be compared to Singapore, which it greatly resembles. Such commercial prosperity naturally implies a degree of toleration, good government, and security for life and property, not often found in Africa. In fact, the state of feeling seems greatly to resemble that in Southern Arabia, so graphically described by Mr. Palgrave. The sovereign and his aristocracy are Arabs, the bulk of his subjects negroes, his guards Belooches, and his revenue officers Hindoos. The Hindoos play the same part in Zanzibar as the Jews in Europe. They are the great merchants and bankers, and the Custom-house is entirely managed by them. Their ceremonial peculiarities are as marked and as troublesome as those of the most orthodox Jews. Each has his cow, which is more to him than wife and children. The Quakers of the East, they will on no account kill a serpent that may enter their houses, but conscience does not prohibit them from walling it up. The manners and customs of these various races are described with extraordinary spirit, and the account of the scenery and natural productions of the island is not less interesting. The latter part of the volume is richer in incident, but more of a piece with the ordinary narratives of African travel. It describes Decken's fruitless attempts to penetrate the interior, baffled by the treachery and perverseness of the natives with whom he had to deal. It is a weary record of disappointment, relieved by such interesting episodes as seeing eight lions in company, and shooting three rhinoceroses. Further expeditions will be described in the second volume. The scientific value of the present instalment is not great, but details of this nature appear to be held in reserve. The work is copious, and admirably illustrated by woodcuts and photographs from drawings, and by some beautifully executed maps. It is dedicated to the Princess Victoria of Prussia.

A work on the Byzantine Empire of the middle ages† deserves favourable notice as an industrious compilation of interesting facts, most of which are very little known. The writer would have earned much higher praise had he manifested a firm grasp or a wide view of his subject. He has all the materials for a brilliant

* Baron Carl Claus von der Decken's *Reisen in Ost-Afrika in den Jahren 1859 bis 1865*. Bd. 1. Bearbeitet von Otto Kersten. Leipzig: Winter. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Die Byzantiner des Mittelalters in ihrem Staats-, Hof- und Privatleben*. Von Dr. J. H. Krause. Halle: Schwetschke. London: Nutt.

picture at command, but fails to use them effectively from inability to generalize. The various morsels of information, extracted with laborious diligence from the historians of the Lower Empire, are tacked on to each other until the effect resembles that of a Byzantine mosaic—minute, quaint, and somewhat bewildering. The comments and reflections in which the writer indulges from time to time are rather of the commonplace order, and suggest that he has taken a just measure of his powers in attempting nothing more ambitious. As a compilation, the work is all that could be wished, and teems with curious information respecting all classes of Byzantine society, all branches of the administration, and the state of religion, literature, and commerce. It may suggest to others how fruitful a field remains open for historical research. The grand features of the period have no doubt been adequately exhibited by Gibbon, but the details remain to be filled in. The *Decline and Fall* would gain in value by becoming the centre of a system of auxiliary histories, supplementing the parent work by that exact and minute investigation of collateral points to which the vastness of Gibbon's plan forbade him to descend.

The correspondence of Ludwig von Ompteda*, Hanoverian Minister of State during the early part of this century, affords a most lively picture of the perturbation of the diplomatic world during the period of French preponderance on the Continent. After the occupation of Hanover by the French, Ompteda wandered from place to place, ever finding himself where the opposition to Napoleon was most active, and in intimate relation with the statesmen by whom it was principally conducted. The present volume comes down to 1809, a period when even the most resolute patriots had almost begun to despair.

Professor Mendelssohn-Bartholdy†, equally well known for his ability and his Austrian sympathies, endeavours to clear the Austrian Government from the reproach of having procured the murder of the French envoys to the Congress of Rastadt in 1799. He contends that the deed was committed by French Royalist exiles, but his reasons do not appear very convincing. There seems no doubt that the actual perpetrators were Austrian hussars, whoever may have employed them.

An anonymous history of Austria since the October revolution of 1848‡ is also designed as a vindication of the Imperial Government. The writer does indeed make large professions of impartiality, but his bias is sufficiently apparent. He is, however, much too able to exhibit himself in the light of a violent partisan, and it must be admitted that his leanings incline the right way. A more incapable set of men than the leaders of the Vienna revolt never existed, except perhaps the men who put it down. We shall see hereafter if the writer is disposed to deal as severely with the bigotry and narrowness of his own party as with the imbecility of their antagonists. The first volume of his work is entirely devoted to the October revolution. It is a work of much literary merit, and its copious stores of information would have rendered it very valuable had they been selected and displayed with reasonable impartiality.

"Photographs from the Hungarian Diet"§ is not a very felicitous title, for the writer does not even attempt to photograph any one except the Premier, Count Andrássy. His sketches are all taken from the political point of view, and he betrays no sign of personal acquaintance with the subjects of any of them. In politics he is a decided adherent of the moderate party led by Deák, but moderation in party spirit is no article of his creed; and his portraits of the members of the Opposition are manifestly too much coloured by prejudice to be in any way trustworthy.

The contest between the Slavonic and the German elements in the Baltic provinces of Russia may appear a small matter at present, but will some day be recognised as a very serious one. A conflict between Germany and Russia would modify the political situation throughout the whole of Europe. Two recent works||, themselves only a portion of the literature of the subject, show what copious magazines of discord have been accumulated in the Baltic provinces alone. An independent member might moot the subject in the Prussian or the North German Parliament any day, and the mere discussion of it would go far to compromise the friendly relations which Count Bismark seems desirous of maintaining with Russia. The first of these books is devoted to the political, the second to the religious, grievances of the Czar's German subjects. The latter is by far the more interesting and ably written of the two. The complaints of the Germans are by no means unfounded. There can be no doubt that the St. Petersburg Government aims at completely Russianizing these provinces, and seeks to attain this end by a steady course of persecution, political, social, and ecclesiastical.

The most recent of F. Böhringer's series of ecclesiastical biogra-

phies* is devoted to Origen. It is an interesting work, free from dogmatic bias, and written in a clear and simple style. It is chiefly occupied with a copious analysis of Origen's writings, especially of his vindication of Christianity against Celsus.

Eckhart, the German mystic, is the subject of a highly interesting monograph by Adolf Lasson.† Little is said about his biography, for little is known except that he was a preaching friar of great learning, eloquence, and celebrity, that he flourished in the first quarter of the fourteenth century, that his doctrines were condemned by the Pope, and that he in a fashion retracted them shortly before his death. Herr Lasson's analysis of his writings is very exact and copious. Eckhart's thoughts are often of astonishing depth and beauty. His mysticism strongly resembles that of the Orientals. His position in the Church naturally gave it a decided Christian colouring, but this is evidently accidental.

The autobiography of the celebrated preacher Krummacker‡ might have been expected to prove a piece of mysticism as well, judging from the opinion entertained of him in his lifetime alike by his admirers and his opponents. Both will be surprised by the writer's deficiency in fervour and unction, or in the conventional affectation of these qualities. He appears as a sensible, genial, and not intolerant man, principally distinguished by a clear perception of things as they are, and a knack of exposing the failings of others without seeming to intend it. The book contains numerous interesting sketches of celebrated persons and places. It is somewhat startling to learn that Professor Fries acquired popularity with his pupils at Jena by assisting them to draw up a code of rules for the regulation of duelling.

The tendency of O. Pfeiderer's§ work on "Religion," and Marburg's|| "Science and Faith," is conciliatory. Both evince the desire to impart something of a concrete character to philosophical speculation, and to take more account than hitherto of the human needs and emotions which find their expression in the various forms of religious faith.

Herr Maximilian Perty¶ wishes to effect the still more difficult reconciliation between the belief in clairvoyance, apparitions, &c., and the spirit of modern scientific research. His collection of anecdotes is very rich and highly interesting, but, as usual, scarcely one case is properly authenticated. The few on which it would be safe to rely are precisely those which have least of a supernatural character. Herr Perty is much too easy in the reception of testimony.

Dr. von Hartmann** has prepared an agreeable surprise for readers repelled by the uninviting title of his work. He is, in the main, a disciple of Schopenhauer, and has followed his master, not merely in the nature of his philosophy, but in his clear and racy manner of setting it forth. A great portion of his arguments and illustrations are derived from physical science and the mathematics, and the consequent impression of firmness and reality is perfectly refreshing. The philosophy thus ably expounded is itself a strange centaur. One half of it abolishes the other. Dr. von Hartmann argues most cogently for the existence of design in the universe; yet he will have it that the cause of all things is unconscious, and the design itself undesigned. He powerfully exhibits the harmony, beauty, and benevolence of existing arrangements, and yet his pessimism surpasses Schopenhauer's, and almost caricatures it. He seems afraid of being thought less logical and consistent than his master. In fact, however, Schopenhauer's pessimism was no product of superior insight, but simply of wounded pride. His first works attracted no attention, and he easily convinced himself that a world which neglected him for thirty years must needs be a very bad one. Dr. von Hartmann has neither his predecessor's egotism nor his earnestness.

The great variety of the contents of J. Bergmann's *Philosophische Monatshefte*†† renders any detailed estimate of their merits impossible. The publication, however, may be recommended as one of considerable value to metaphysical students, who will find in it, not merely a copious collection of essays by various writers, but notices of the most important contemporary publications in this department.

The biographer of Emanuel Geibel‡‡ has much, and not too much, to say about the difficulty of writing the biography of a man of letters in his lifetime. We are inclined to wish it were impossible. Even Herr Goedeke's dexterous execution cannot reconcile us to an undertaking so inconsistent with good taste. The author, to do him justice, recognises these objections, and employs the first pages of

* *Die Kirche Christi und ihre Zeugen, oder die Kirchengeschichte in Biographien.* Durch F. Böhringer. Bd. 1. Abth. 2. Zürich: Meyer & Zeller. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Meister Eckhart der Mystiker.* Von Adolf Lasson. Berlin: Hertz. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Friedrich Wilhelm Krummacker. Eine Selbstbiographie.* Berlin: Wiegandt & Grieben. London: Williams & Norgate.

§ *Die Religion, ihr Wesen und ihre Geschichte.* Von Otto Pfeiderer. Bd. 1. Leipzig: Fries. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Das Wissen und der religiöse Glaube.* Von O. Marburg. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Blicke in das verborgene Leben des Menschengesistes.* Von Maximilian Perty. Leipzig: Winter. London: Williams & Norgate.

** *Philosophie des Unbewussten. Versuch einer Weltausschauung.* Von E. von Hartmann. Berlin: Duncker. London: Asher & Co.

†† *Philosophische Monatshefte.* Herausgegeben von J. Bergmann. Bd. 2. Berlin: Nicolai. London: Asher & Co.

‡‡ *Emanuel Geibel.* Von Karl Goedeke. Th. 1. Stuttgart: Cotta. London: Nutt.

* *Politischer Nachlass des hannoverschen Ministers L. von Ompteda, aus den Jahren 1804 bis 1813.* Jena: Frommann. London: Williams & Norgate.

† *Der Pöstatter Gesandtenmord.* Von K. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. Heidelberg: Bassermann. London: Williams & Norgate.

‡ *Geschichte Oesterreichs vom Ausgange des Wiener October-Aufstandes 1848.* Von G. v. S.....n. Bd. 1. Leipzig: Schulze. London: Nutt.

§ *Fotografien aus dem ungarischen Reichstage.* Pest: Grill. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Der deutsch-russische Konflikt an der Ostsee.* Von W. von Bock. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

¶ *Geschichtsbilder aus der lutherischen Kirche Lielands vom Jahre 1845 an.* Von G. C. A. von Harless. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. London: Williams & Norgate.

his work in proving, to every one's satisfaction but his own, that it should never have been attempted. He is, however, so fascinated by his hero's greatness as to be really unable to refrain. Now, a great Geibel is just as inconceivable as a little Napoleon. We would on no account disparage a most meritorious literary workman, but the honest truth is that Geibel is neither more nor less than a minor poet. His writings are charming alike in style and sentiment, but they are simply the refined productions of an accomplished man of letters. Herr Goedeke's point of view compels him to ignore these obvious considerations. He deems it of serious importance to humanity to be duly acquainted with the where, when, and why of each of the pretty fugitive lyrics that constitute the bulk of Geibel's writings. The biographical portion of his labours is executed on the same principle. He seems to be seriously of opinion that fifty incidents not worth telling are equivalent to one of importance. By this method of calculation his volume will be found to contain at least a hundred memorable events. We find it hard to believe that Geibel's own reputation will not suffer from this abortive apotheosis.

The task undertaken by J. J. Honegger* is too vast to be satisfactorily performed by any single writer. To give a satisfactory account of the civilization of the nineteenth century implies a degree of omniscience inconceivable even in an age of competitive examinations. The author, indeed, recoils from no branch of his subject, and would fain appear equally at home in the political, the literary, and the scientific department. It is, however, sufficiently evident that his knowledge is in many instances merely picked up at second hand. It is but natural that he should expatiate most freely where he finds himself most at home; we can therefore excuse the inordinate space devoted to German literature, although it certainly provokes a smile to see Eichendorff and Chamisso each occupying twelve times as much room as Shelley and Keats have between them. The work would be improved by the excision of everything that does not relate to Germany.

Karl Witte† must have devoted a large portion of his life to the study of Dante. The introduction to his collected essays on the subject, describing his original introduction to the great Florentine, and the successive stages of his acquaintance with his writings, is a really charming piece of literary autobiography. The essays themselves treat of a variety of subjects, most of which would only be interesting to very close students of Dante. They have appeared in various periodicals within the last forty-five years, which necessitates the frequent addition of postscripts to bring them up to the level of contemporary criticism. The style is exceedingly agreeable.

Professor Tschischwitz‡ has at last done something more for Shakespeare than write ingenious essays about him. He has edited *Hamlet* in the style of a Greek play, with various readings, and a copious, but not diffuse, commentary, critical, philological, exegetical, and illustrative, at the bottom of the page. Nothing so comprehensive has, to our knowledge, ever been attempted before. The type is excellent, and the readiness of reference to the notes renders the use of this edition a real luxury. We believe that Dr. Tschischwitz has supplied the pattern which future editors will be obliged to follow. The other plays are to be published on the same plan.

A selection of German poetry with English versions, by H. E. Goldschmidt§, is noticeable as perhaps the only publication extant which supplies materials for an adequate estimate of the latter. The original and the translation are printed on opposite pages, which renders it a most desirable manual for students of German. This secondary character as a school-book may have proved injurious to the collection in an æsthetic point of view. To nothing else, at least, can we attribute the omission of Aytoun and Martin's version of the *Bride of Corinth*. Another peculiarity is the dependence of the compiler on the taste of others. He must follow where his translators lead, and can print no original of which he cannot discover a tolerable rendering. To this we must attribute the incompleteness and apparent caprice of the selection as a representative of German poetry—the entire omission of Novalis, Hölderlin, Lenau, Lingg, Schefer, and Geibel, and the extremely limited space accorded to Rückert and Platen in comparison with Uhland and Freiligrath. So far as the editor's plan permitted, the selection has been exceedingly well made; the choice of English versions is usually judicious, and their standard of merit high, although there are some amusing exceptions. On the whole, the collection deserves to be cordially recommended.

The *Zeitschrift für bildende Kunst* || contains its usual rich store of records of contemporary art, biographies of artists living and dead, essays on æsthetic subjects, and beautiful full-page illustrations. Some memoranda of the conversation of Cornelius are particularly interesting.

* *Grundsteine einer allgemeinen Culturgeschichte der neuesten Zeit.* Von J. J. Honegger. Bd. 2. Leipzig: Weber. London: Nutt.

† *Dante-Forschungen. Altes und Neues.* Von Karl Witte. Halle: Barthel. London: Nutt.

‡ *Shakespeare's sämtliche Werke.* Englischer Text, berichtigt und erklärt von Benno Tschischwitz. I. *Hamlet.* Halle: Barthel. London: Nutt.

§ *German Poetry, with the English Versions of the best Translators.* Edited by H. E. Goldschmidt. London: Williams & Norgate.

|| *Zeitschrift für bildende Kunst.* Herausgegeben von Dr. C. von Lützow. Leipzig: Seemann. London: Williams & Norgate.

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We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—Conductor, Mr. W. G. Cusins.
St. James's Hall, Monday, May 17, Eight o'clock.—Violin, Madame Norman-Neruda; Pianoforte, Miss Agnes Zimmermann; Vocalists, Madame Monbelli and Signor Gardoni. Symphonies: Mozart, in G major; and Beethoven, No. 7, in A. Overtures: *Ides of Fingal*, Mendelssohn; and *Freccia*, Weber. Viextemps: Violin Concerto in E, and Bennett's Caprice in E, for Pianoforte.—Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Balcony, 7s.; Unreserved, 5s. and 2s. 6d.

MUSICAL UNION.—RUBINSTEIN will arrive May 17, and leave for Russia June 2, and play on Tuesdays, May 18 and June 1, and at no other Concerts this Season. St. James's Hall. The C minor Trio of Mendelssohn, and the Kreutzer Sonata by Viextemps, are included in the Programme; also a Quartet in D minor, Haydn; and Pianoforte Solos by Rubinstein.—Visitors can pay at the Hall, and obtain Tickets, Half a Guinea each, of Lamborn Cook & Co., and Olivier, Bond Street; and of Austin, at the Hall.

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THE CLARIBEL CONCERT, on WHIT TUESDAY.—Mr. JOHN BOOSEY begs to announce an EVENING CONCERT, on Tuesday next, at St. James's Hall, at which will be given a SELECTION of the most favourite SONGS and BALLADS composed by CLARIBEL. The Programme will also include some popular Part Songs, Glee, and Duets, and solos for the Violin and Pianoforte. The Artists who will appear on this occasion are: Madame Sherrington, Miss Edith Wynne, Mrs. Hale, Miss Julia Elton, and Madame Sainton-Dolby. Mr. George Perren, Mr. G. T. Carter, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Chapin Henry. Pianoforte, Signor Fumagalli. Violin, M. Viextemps. Conductor, Mr. J. L. Horton. The Selection of Compositions by Claribel will include the following Songs: "Maggie's Secret," "Strangers yet," "Children's Voices," "I cannot sing the old Song," "Come back to Erin," "Secrets," "Robin Redbreast," "Take back the Heart," "Susan's Story," "Dreamland," "The Fusing Bell," "Weep no more, Darling," "Only a Lock of Hair," and "You and I." Stalls, 6s.; Family Ticket, to admit Four, 21s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Orchestra and Gallery, 1s.—Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, at St. James's Hall; and Boosey & Co., Holles Street.

CHARLES and ARTHUR LE JEUNE will give their FIRST CONCERT, in St. James's Hall, on Saturday Afternoon, May 22, on which occasion they will be assisted by Madame Norman-Neruda, Mr. Charles Hallé, Mr. Vernon Rigby, the Quartet Glee Union, and Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir. Conductor, Mr. Henry Leslie. To commence at Three o'clock. Stalls, 6s.; Family Ticket for Four, 21s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Admission, 1s.—Programmes and Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50 New Bond Street; and at Austin's, 28 Piccadilly.

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MR. CHARLES GARDNER'S MORNING CONCERT, Saturday, May 22, at Three o'clock, Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square.—Miss Robertine Henderson, Madlle. Valacca De Factis, Miss Jessie Randall, Mr. Cummings, Mr. Frank Massey, Mr. Walter Pettit, Herr Oberthur, and Mr. Walter Macfarren. Part Songs by an efficient Choir, under the direction of Mr. W. H. Monk. Stalls, 10s. 6d.; to admit Three, 21s.; Unreserved Seats, 5s.—Lamborn Cook & Co., 62 and 63 New Bond Street; and of Mr. Charles Gardner, 3 Chilworth Street, Westbourne Terrace, W.

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116 Piccadilly, May 4, 1869.

By Order of the Committee.

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LONDON LIBRARY, 12 St. James's Square.—The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Members of the Library will take place on Saturday, the 29th inst., at Three o'clock p.m. The Bishop of OXFORD, Vice-President, in the Chair.

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New Patent Clocks, Winding, Setting Hands, and Regulating without a Key. The absence of Winding Holes in the Face improves the appearance of these Clocks, and does away with the necessity of opening the Case, which, being almost air-tight, ensures a longer performance than usual without Cleaning. The newest Patterns in Ornolu, Marble, &c. in stock. E. DENT & CO., Watch and Clock Makers to Her Majesty and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, 61 Strand, W.C., and 34 Royal Exchange, E.C.

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CAUTION.—JOHN HENRY SMEE & COMPANY beg to give Notice that their SPECIAL DESIGNS OF FLAIN and INLAID ASHWOOD BEDROOM FURNITURE are entered at Stationers' Hall, and each Sheet is marked with their Name as above, and the Address.

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"The floor is beautifully parquetry with oak and other hard woods, and is an immense improvement upon the dusty boards of the former rooms of the National Gallery; and especially comfortable to walk upon."—Daily News, May 1, 1869.

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CAPITAL, £1,000,000.

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BRANCHES in Edinburgh, Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, Kurrachee, Agra, Lahore, Shanghai, Hong Kong.

Current Accounts are kept at the Head Office on the Terms customary with London Bankers, and interest allowed when the Credit Balance does not fall below £100.

Deposits received for fixed periods on the following terms, viz.:

At 5 per cent. per ann., subject to 12 months' Notice of Withdrawal.

At 4 ditto ditto 3 ditto ditto

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Exceptional Rates for longer periods than Twelve Months, particulars of which may be obtained on application.

Bills issued at the current exchange of the day on any of the Branches of the Bank, free of extra charge; and Approved Bills purchased or sent for collection.

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J. THOMSON, Chairman.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
CHIEF OFFICE—1 OLD BROAD STREET, LONDON.

BRANCH OFFICE—16 PALL MALL, LONDON.

Instituted 1820.

The outstanding Sums assured by this Company, with the Bonuses accrued thereon, amount to about £2,800,000, and the Assets, consisting entirely of Investments in First-class Securities, amount to upwards of £3,000,000.

The Assurance Reserve Fund alone is equal to more than nine times the Premium Income. It will hence be seen that ample Security is guaranteed to the Policy-holders. Attention is invited to the Prospectus of the Company, from which it will appear that all kinds of Assurances may be effected on the most moderate terms and the most liberal conditions.

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Prospectuses may be obtained at the Offices as above, and of the Agents throughout the Kingdom.

ANDREW BADEN, Actuary and Manager.

ABOLITION of FIRE INSURANCE DUTY.
IMPERIAL FIRE OFFICE,
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Established 1803.

SUBSCRIBED AND INVESTED CAPITAL, £1,600,000.

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Claims liberally and promptly settled.

JAMES HOLLAND, Superintendent.

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FIRE and LIFE.

Established 1824, and incorporated by Royal Charter.

LONDON, 37 CORNHILL; EDINBURGH; AND DUBLIN.

CAPITAL, FIVE MILLIONS STERLING.

Invested Funds at August 1, 1868 £1,045,613

Annual Revenue from all sources 725,328

Amount of Life Insurances in force 4,200,000

Copies of Prospectus, and all other information, may be obtained on application at 37 Cornhill, London, or of the Company's Agents.

By Order of the Directors,

ROBERT STRACHAN, Secretary.

JOHN JACKSON, Assistant-Secretary.

ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE CORPORATION.
(Established A.D. 1720, by Charter of King George I., and confirmed by Special Acts of Parliament.)

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Mark Currie Cline, Esq.

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FIRE, LIFE, and MARINE ASSURANCES on liberal terms.

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Life Assurances with or without participation in Profits.

Divisions of Profit every Five Years.

Any sum up to £15,000 insurable on the same Life.

The Corporation bear the cost of Policy Stamps and Medical Fees.

A liberal participation in Profits, with the guarantee of a large invested Capital Stock, and exemption under Royal Charter, from the liabilities of partnership.

The advantages of modern practice, with the security of an Office whose resources have been tested by the experience of nearly a Century and a Half.

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ROBERT P. STEELE, Secretary.

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The Whole of the Profits divided Yearly amongst the Members.

RETURNS FOR 1869.

FIRE DEPARTMENT—66 per Cent. of the Premiums paid on First Class Risks.

LIFE DEPARTMENT—60 per Cent. of the Premiums on all Policies of the First Series.

ACCUMULATED CAPITAL (25th December 1868), £1,252,174.

The Directors are willing to appoint, as Agents, Persons of good Position and Character.

LAW LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, Fleet Street,
London.

For the Assurance of the Lives of Persons in every Station of Life.

Invested Assets—FIVE MILLIONS, FOUR HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND POUNDS.

Annual Income—UPWARDS OF HALF-A-MILLION.

Assurances are granted upon the Lives of any Persons for Sums not exceeding £10,000, either with participation in Profits, or at a lower rate of Premium without participation in Profits.

Profits are divided every fifth year, four-fifths thereof being appropriated to the persons assured on the participating scale of Premium.

At the Six Divisions of Profits which have been made, Bonuses amounting in the aggregate to £4,164,167 have been added to the several Policies.

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Prospectuses, Statements of Accounts, Forms of Proposal, &c., may be obtained, and Assurances effected, through any Solicitor in Town or Country, or by application direct to the Actuary at the Office in London.

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Established in 1847.

THE SEVENTH DIVISION OF PROFITS WILL BE DECLARED IN 1870.

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PATENT "NORWEGIAN" SELF-ACTING COOKING APPARATUS and SIMPLE REFRIGERATOR, as used by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, combined in one Portable Box, varying in price from 12s. 6d. upwards.

ECONOMISES FOOD, LABOUR, and FUEL.
FOR USE IN EVERY HOME.**FOUR PRIZE MEDALS.**
THE PATENT "NORWEGIAN" COOKING APPARATUS and SIMPLE REFRIGERATOR acts as an Ice Preserver or Safe, and will keep Food, Wines, &c., cold in a high temperature.—See "Times," 30th and 31st July, and 4th August, 1868.

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WORKS—CANAL CUT, LIMEHOUSE.

To be had of all Ironmongers in Town and Country.

ICE SAFES and WENHAM LAKE ICE.—The WENHAM LAKE ICE COMPANY'S

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WENHAM LAKE ICE COMPANY, 110 Strand, London, W.C.

36s.—THE MAYFAIR SHERRY.—36s.
Fit for a Gentleman's Table.

Bottles included, and Carriage paid.

Cases, 2s. per Dozen extra (returnable).

CHARLES WARD & SON

(Established upwards of a Century).

Mayfair, W., London.

36s.—THE MAYFAIR SHERRY.—36s.

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STRONG CONGOU TEA for HOUSEHOLD USE, 2s. 6d.
per lb.; fine Souchong for the Drawing-room, 2s. 6d. Samples free by post.

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Consumers having difficulty in procuring the Genuine Articles are respectfully informed that they can be had direct from the Manufacturers, at their Foreign Warehouse, 6 Edwards Street, Portman Square, London, W.

Priced Lists post free on application.

HARVEY'S SAUCE.—Caution.—The Admirers of this
celebrated Sauce are particularly requested to observe that each Bottle bears the well-known Label, signed "E. LAZENBY & SON." This Label is protected by perpetual injunction in Chancery of the 9th July, 1858, and without it none can be genuine.

E. LAZENBY & SON, of 6 Edwards Street, Portman Square, London, as Sole Proprietors of the Receipt for Harvey's Sauce, are compelled to give this Caution, from the fact that their Labels are closely imitated with a view to deceive Purchasers.

Sold by all respectable Grocers, Druggists, and Oilmen.

E. LAZENBY & SON beg to announce that their POSTAL
ADDRESS has been changed from 6 Edwards Street, Portman Square, to 90 Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square; the Metropolitan Board of Works having directed that Edwards Street be united with Wigmore Street, under the title of Wigmore Street.**COGNAC BRANDY, 45s. per Dozen; Fine Old, 54s.;**
Very Choice, 75s.

E. LAZENBY & SON, Wine Merchants, 6 Edwards Street, Portman Square, London, W.

Samples, and a Detailed List of Wines, forwarded on application.

SAUCE.—LEA & PERRINS.—SAUCE.
The "WORCESTERSHIRE," pronounced by Connoisseurs "The only Good Sauce." Its use improves Appetite and Digestion. Unrivalled for Piquancy and Flavour. Beware of Imitations, to avoid which see the Name, LEA & PERRINS, on all Bottles and Labels. Ask for "LEA & PERRINS" SAUCE.—Agents, CROSSE & BLACKWELL, London, and Sold by all Dealers in Sauces throughout the World.**PURE AERATED WATERS—ELLIS'S.**
ELLIS'S RUTHIN WATERS, unsurpassed for their Purity.

ELLIS'S Soda, Potass, Seltzer, Lithia, and Potass Waters and Lemonade. None genuine unless Corks branded "R. Ellis & Son, Ruthin," and each Bottle bears their Trade Mark—Goat on shield. Sold by all Chemists, Confectioners, and Hotel-keepers.

Wholesale only, of R. ELLIS & SON, Ruthin, North Wales.

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May 15, 1869.]

The Saturday Review.

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It will cause Hair to grow on Bald Spots.
It will promote luxuriant growth.
Falling Hair is immediately checked.
Thin Hair thickened.
Baldness prevented.
It removes all Dandruff.
It contains neither Oil nor Dye.

Sold by most Chemists and Perfumers, in Large Bottles, price 6s.
Dose—266 HIGH HOLBORN, LONDON.

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LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL,
Prescribed as the safe, speediest, and most effectual remedy for CONSUMPTION, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, COUGHS, RHEUMATISM, GENERAL DEBILITY, DISEASES OF THE SKIN, RICKETS, INFANTILE WASTING, AND ALL SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS.
Universally recognised by the highest Medical Authorities to be THE ONLY COD LIVER OIL invariably pure, uniformly excellent.
PALATABLE, AND EASILY TAKEN.

Sir HENRY MARSH, Bart., Physician in Ordinary to the Queen in Ireland, observes:—"I consider Dr. De Jongh's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil to be a very pure Oil, not likely to create disgust, and a therapeutic agent of great value."
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